

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

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EARLY MISSIONS OF OUR SOCIETY IN ST. CHARLES CO., MO.

PORTAGE DES SIOUX—A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY, OR THE
REPUTATION OF FATHER MARQUETTE DEFENDED.

Immediately after the arrival of Father Van Quickenborn and party at St. Louis, on Corpus Christi, or May 29, 1823, and before they took up their residence at the Novitiate of St. Stanislaus, Florissant, Father Timmermans, one of the party from Maryland, was appointed to assume charge of "Portage des Sioux." This place is a small hamlet on the right bank of the Mississippi river, about fourteen miles above its junction with the Missouri, and some nine miles above Alton in Illinois. Portage des Sioux derives its name from the fact that the Sioux Indians here crossed the river from the Illinois shore, and passed to St. Charles on the Missouri river, about twelve miles distant, where they made a fierce attack upon the Sacks and Osages, gaining a victory which proved disastrous to their enemy. This seems to have happened a little before the French, from Fort Chartres, forty-five miles below St. Louis, on the

left or east bank of the Mississippi, settled this region in 1762. Portage seems neither to have declined nor to have advanced within the last sixty years, though a mixture of Americans, Irish and Germans has replaced, to a large extent, the simple Creole population that once owned the soil.

Colonel Brackenridge, in the journal of his travels through this region in 1811, describes the delta between the two rivers, as seen from the two adjacent mounts near St. Charles, named by the fanciful Creoles, "Les Mamelles." "Fifty thousand acres," he says, "of the finest land, the whole extent perfectly level, covered with long waving grass, are under the eye at once, and yet on all this space, there is but one little cultivated spot to be seen," and this, doubtless, was the land immediately around Portage.

When Henry Schoolcraft passed up the Mississippi by this spot, August 4, 1821, he found a large number of Fox Indians here temporarily encamped along the shore. Schoolcraft was on his way to Chicago where all the Indian chiefs of the Ottawa and Pottowattomy tribes were to meet Governor Cass, for the purpose of making a treaty, in 1821.

The first baptism administered by Fr. Timmermans at Portage was signed June 13, 1823, and was that of François Rive; and on the same day he recorded the marriage of John C. Evans and Theresa Saucier. In 1825, Fr. Van Quickenborn began a stone church in St. Charles, and in 1827 he purchased a frame dwelling in that town, near the river bank. In this same year Fathers Smedts and Verreydt were ordained priests by Bishop Rosati, in the seminary chapel at the Barrens in Perry county. They went to reside at St. Charles, having in charge Portage des Sioux, Dardenne or St. Peter's, Femme Osage and other stations.

Opposite Portage des Sioux, or on the Illinois shore, are high rocky cliffs extending downwards to Alton nine miles below, and upwards to the Illinois river. It was high up on one of these perpendicular rocks that Fr. Marquette saw two painted figures, monsters as large as calves, having

human faces, their bodies covered with scales, and having tails which twice coiled around their bodies and then ended in fish tails. These figures were well painted, so well, he affirmed, that even a Frenchman could not have painted them better. The colors employed were red, green and blackish. Fr. Marquette must have passed this spot about the last day of June in 1673, allowing him to have averaged the same rate of canoe travel that Fr. De Smet did under similar circumstances, which was about thirty-five miles per day.

Fr. Marquette was the first European who ever saw the Upper Mississippi, the Pekitanoui, or *Muddy River*, now called the Missouri, and the mouth of the Ohio. La Salle and party did not see this region until eight or nine years later, and they then had Marquette's published narrative to guide them, as far, at least, as the mouth of the Arkansas river. An effort was made by Fr. Donay, who was of La Salle's party, and by others, to deprive Fr. Marquette of his honor as first discoverer; and they tried to show that his descriptions of scenery and striking objects were all made from mere hearsay among the Indians about the Lakes.

Father Anastasius Donay, Recollect, saw paintings on a rock at what is now known as "Grand Tower," below St. Genevieve, where the river passes through a sort of gate in the original bluffs. This painting was not of monsters, he alledges, but was a horse with other well-known animals near him; and besides, this painting was so near the water that he could reach it from his canoe. In impugning the veracity of Father Marquette's narrative, he laid much stress on this circumstance of the paintings; and indeed, Fr. Marquette's good name was not fully cleared till Mr. Shea published his diary in 1852. Mr. Jared Sparks said early in 1861 that this publication of Marquette's diary had made it necessary for him to remodel several of his biographies. Marquette in his diary describes these paintings, as seen by him, to have been above the mouth of the Miss-

ouri, and says he and his companions were still talking of them when they heard the roar of rushing waters, and then floated into the current of the Missouri river, rolling out its forest of drift wood, and whole islands of mud and sand: and this he said in order to intimate that the two scenes were not far apart.

The older inhabitants of Portage des Sioux often saw this famous painting, and they still relate the Indian traditions about it, as do also the old boatmen of the upper river who are sure to learn and remember all that is marvellous in respect to striking spots along the streams which they often navigate.

The following narrative in regard to this spot is in a pamphlet published in Philadelphia, in 1840, and written by Fr. De Smet when he was among the "Prairie Indians" or wild Pottowattomies at Council Bluffs, in 1838:

"I learned from the Chief of this nation a singular tradition prevailing among the various tribes of the Illinois throughout the southwest. In ascending the Mississippi, between Alton and the mouth of the Illinois river, the traveler observes, between two large hills, a narrow valley down which a little stream flows into the great river. This stream is called in the language of the natives, *Piasa* or *the bird that devours man*. At this spot there is visible, on a perpendicular rock, the Indians alledge, the figure of a huge bird carved in the rock, and with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents, and which gave its name to the stream, is called by them *piasa*. Many thousand moons before the arrival of the white men, when the great mammoth that was slain by Nanabush still roamed over the wide, grassy prairies, there existed a great bird that could seize and carry off a stag in his talons with as much ease as a hawk could take up a wren. It once pounced on an Indian, bore him off to a great cavern, and devoured him. From that time forth it would feed on none but human flesh. In its voracity it depopulated whole villages of the

Illinois, nor could hundreds of brave warriors destroy it. At length a bold chief named Outaga, whose fame extended beyond the great lakes, was commanded by the Great Manitou, who appeared to him in a dream, to single out twenty warriors armed with bows and poisoned arrows, and by means of them the hungry *piasa* should be slain. They found the great bird perched on the high rock that still bears his name and figure. All let fly their arrows at once, and the fearful winged monster transfixed with twenty arrows fell dead at the feet of the brave chief Outaga. And to this day in the caverns around the *piasa* rock are heaped the bones of many thousand Indians whose flesh was food for the insatiable maw of this monstrous bird."

An island just opposite this high butting rock, which is still named on the maps, the "Paysa," was in former days covered with dense, tall timber. This wild spot was also a favorite haunt of the blood-thirsty fowl. Even the white-faced boatman, in early days of western travel, ventured past this awful woodland by night with timid caution ; and it was rumored that the ruthless destroyer's form had been seen in the moonlight by some of their own number, flapping its wings on the tree tops, and that its scream had been heard echoing at black midnight through the dark forest and far over the waters ; a story which gained willing credence from these men of the pristine raft and flatboat.

For the matter of positive fact, the painting described by Fr. Marquette, as to one at least of its figures, remained visible, with its colors distinct and lively, till the year 1866, when a thrifty stone mason from St. Louis, more solicitous for money than curious about relics of aboriginal history, quarried the rock for a lime-kiln !

Having made some enquiries in writing of Mr. Henry Le Sieur, a deserving and intelligent gentleman, who resides at Portage des Sioux, and whose father settled there a while before the end of the last century, he sent the letter to Mr. J. W. Wise, a worthy gentleman of Alton, who thus

replies to the proposed questions: "The figure represented what seemed to be half animal and half bird, or perhaps I should say, a dragon, having wings and a long tail such as usually attributed to the dragon. There was but one figure; it was painted at the distance of about fifteen or twenty feet below the top of the cliff, about sixty feet above the base, and the base was some twenty feet above ordinary high water. This mass of rock was just above the upper part of Alton and was eight miles from Portage. It was quarried in 1866 and 1867 by Sheehan and Bro., of St. Louis." I append what Mr. Le Sieur* adds to these statements of Mr. Wise, he being also an eye witness. I give his letter entire, since it is a complete defense of Fr. Marquette's veracity, by one who had no aim but to state the facts which he knew; and besides, there is historic force in presenting this testimony concretely, with names and dates annexed:

"My impression was that the figure represented a griffin, or a dragon. From persons here who had seen it, and whom I consulted, I could get no *eclaircissement*, as some pronounced it a bird, while others said it was a quadruped. Mr. Wise says there was but one figure, although some say that there was a small figure in front of the large one. I will add to his description that it was a pale red. From the foot of the rock, where I examined it, the outlines of the figure appeared to have been indented into the rock; not with a chisel, but with a scraping and round pointed instrument forming a groove, and then painted in the groove. It was exposed to the storms coming from the south and the west, which must have gradually washed off the paint. Besides, the face of the rock was much marked with bullets. I have heard my father, who often passed it in company with fleets of Indian canoes, say that the Indians invariably discharged all their guns at it when they passed. That was in the latter part of the last century. None of

*He writes under date of Dec. 13, 1873.

them, at that time, had any knowledge as to when it had been made. They said it was a manitou, and they seemed to have a dread of it.

“Respectfully yours,
“HENRY LE SIEUR.”

These statements leave no ground for rational doubt concerning the identity of this painting with the one described in Fr. Marquette's narrative. What was said by Fr. Donay, and others, of a painting seen by them at Grand Tower, below St. Genevieve, at the most, merely shows that there were paintings made by the Indians in more places than one. No vestige of any painting at Grand Tower seems ever to have been mentioned by any subsequent travelers, or to have been observed by the white population living in that vicinity, in latter times.

The recent removal of Bishop Van de Velde's remains from Natchez, Miss., where he died of yellow fever Nov. 13, 1855, to the beautiful little mound at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate near Florissant, where they were reinterred on Nov. 20. 1874, prompts one to wish that those of Fr. Marquette were translated to the same spot, there to rest until the final day along with those of Frs. Van Quickenborn, Verhaegen, De Smet; also with those of Fr. Meurin, which were removed in 1849 from Prairie du Rocher in Illinois, where he died in Feb. 1778.

Father Marquette's remains were exhumed by christian Ottawas two years after his death, and removed from the banks of the rivulet that bears his name, and which empties into Lake Michigan about the middle point of its eastern border, and were taken to point St. Ignace or Mackinaw, where they were buried beneath the Church on the mainland. The resident priest at Mackinaw stated in a letter of April 3, 1873, that the site of the missionary Church which was burned down in 1706, could be found and certainly identified; for doubtless the traditions of the neighbourhood preserve the memory of the exact locality.

This digression, so loquacious and narrative, quite defies the laws of legitimate epic. Now to assume the theme first proposed, which was the early missions of our Society in St. Charles County, and particularly to declare the glories of Portage des Sioux; in regard to all of which, further talk, for the present, must be limited to mere general outline. Father Verreydt built the brick Church at Portage after Fr. De Theux became Superior of the Missouri mission in 1831. Fr. Van Quickenborn returned from the Kickapoo mission, which he founded at Fort Leavenworth in 1836, to Portage des Sioux, with his health much impaired. He did not grow better, and he died at Portage August 17, 1837. About that time Fr. Aegidius De Bruyn took charge of Portage, but he died the following year, or Sept. 19, 1838. He was succeeded then by Fr. Paillason who was, during the same year, sent to Grand Coteau. His place was taken at Portage by Fr. Van Assche, who remained till compelled by his physician to leave, in 1840, when he returned to his former home at Florissant.

After the return of Fr. Van Assche to Florissant the congregation at Portage des Sioux was made a dependency of the Residence at St. Charles, and from that time to the present it has been attended from that place.

From the Novitiate near Florissant, the bold scenery stretching from Alton far up the Mississippi, is visible. In the early days of the Missouri Province, from the Novitiate to Portage was a favorite walk of the Novices. The distance from St. Stanislaus' was but little more than eight miles. It was reached in the winter oftentimes by crossing the Missouri at the Charbonnière,* on the ice, and in warmer weather

* The Charbonnière is a little mount near the river, and it is so called because a seam of stove coal underlies it. The coal is of inferior quality, but it may become valuable when timber grows more scarce. The mound or bluff rises to the height of three hundred feet, and the table land at its top gradually undulates back to the Novitiate, which is distant a little more than a mile from the river. Fr. De Smet, shortly after his arrival at the Novitiate in 1823, excavated some small mounds on the Charbonnière and found the remains of Indian warriors there. He took up a skeleton and kept it for a time, but was compelled by his companions to bury it, as its stench was peculiarly offensive.

by way of a ferry just below, and passing over the vast natural meadow outspread between the two rivers. Some of the Novices frequently went thither to relieve the burden of the pastor on Sundays, giving the pious Creoles pretty specimens of fervid youthful eloquence. On one occasion, nearly forty years ago, when nine or ten Novices had crossed over the frozen waters and gone to the hospitable house of Father Van Assche at Portage, a south breeze set in, the ice in the river parted, floating away, no ferry boat could make its way through the fields of moving ice, and they were compelled to spend the night at Portage. On their return to the Novitiate the following day, they blamed the river for their disaster, but the anxious novice master, Fr. De Vos, preferred, with wider views of what was lost, to blame them; and, after a paternal reproof, he imposed three days of penance on them, which sentence, however, in consideration of their meekness, he on the same day commuted into the milder penalty of an extra feast in thanksgiving to the good Angels and to God because his precious *charissimi* had been preserved from graves in the quicksands of the Missouri river. No wonder that one of the first facts of cotemporaneous history learned by the fresh Novice thirty years ago, was, "Portage des Sioux is a great place!"

After passing in review the events of their simple history, we can but make the reflexion: what sufferings and privations were endured by these hardy pioneers of our Society in the West! what a complete oblation of self, and what living embodiments of our rule these men were! "*Quam pulchri super montes pedes annuntiantis et prædicantis pacem; annuntiantis bonum, prædicantis salutem, dicentis Sion: regnabit Deus tuus.*" Isaias lii, 7.

W. H. H.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY,
JANUARY, 1875.

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM LOUISIANA IN 1763.

The following account if not written by the exiles themselves, was at least compiled from their notes. It was not intended for publication but for the use of the members of the Society and their friends. As our readers may have a laudable curiosity to know its authority, we may say that it is taken from our archives in Rome, and has been published in the "*Documents inédits concernant la Compagnie de Jésus, publiés par le P. Auguste Carayon, de la même Compagnie, n. xiv. Poitiers, 1865.*"

You tell me that you are surprised to learn of the arrival in Paris of the Jesuits expelled from Louisiana in accordance with a decree issued against them in that Colony. You would like to know the motives of this sentence and the consequences of its execution. I am perfectly acquainted with the matter which so much interests you and with everything relating to it. I have lived nearly thirty years in Louisiana and I left it only at the beginning of the present year. Being persuaded that your curiosity has no other motive than your love for religion and truth, in the account which I am about to give I shall be careful to say nothing which departs in the least from either.

In the month of June, 1765, the Jesuits of New Orleans, the capital of Louisiana, were still fluctuating between hope and fear as to their future fate. The preceding year they had seen their enemies, with an air of triumph circulating manuscript copies of the Bill passed by the Parliament at Paris, Aug. 6, 1761. But some influential persons had reassured them. They expected much from the representations made in their favor and especially placed reliance on the prayer which the French Bishops addressed to the King. On the arrival of the vessel which brought the news of peace, they became aware at last of what they had to expect, for it carried orders for their destruction.

M. D'Albadie, Commissary General of the Navy and Commander of Louisiana, and M. De la Frenière, Attorney General of the Supreme Assembly of this colony, both lately appointed to their positions, came over on the vessel. The Commissioner was not slow to inform the Superior of the Jesuits of the preparations made against them. "I believe," he said, "that the Attorney General is charged with some order which relates to you." His words were plain enough, but, notwithstanding the example of so many Parliaments, the Jesuits were persuaded that nothing would be done against them in Louisiana; and at so critical a moment they did not take the least precaution to secure their property.

Proceedings commenced. It was ordered that the Institute of the Jesuits should be brought before the Council for examination: quite a task for this tribunal. By right all the judges who composed it should have studied at least theology, civil and ecclesiastical law: above all they should have understood the language in which the Institute was written. But this was not the kind of knowledge required of Judges in the colonies. In appointing them they did not seek graduates of the universities; but they chose those of the inhabitants who showed some capacity for business: and accordingly in these councils were found ex-merchants, Doctors and army officers. Those trained in the navy department are usually the best educated; so that such have hitherto been most frequently appointed, at least in Louisiana, to the Presidency of the Council, a dignity attached to the office of Commissioner or Commander.—These facts fully justify us in saying that the Council of New Orleans undertook a considerable task in assuming to decide on the Institute of the Jesuits.

To tell the truth, it is but just to suppose that M. de la Frenière, familiar with the latin language from his youth, had also studied civil law during his long stay in France;

but his capacity could not be communicated to the judges who were to decide the matter. A great number of them were utterly unacquainted with the language of the documents on which they were going to pass judgment. The matter under consideration was spiritual, if any ever was, and yet the judges were all mere laymen. And after the decision of the Council of Trent upon the Institute of the Society of Jesus, if another examination was necessary, to whom else did it belong but to the universal Church?

None of these considerations influenced the Council of Louisiana; for, a powerful motive encouraged them to enter on the matter at once. Many volumes of petitions and reports on this subject in the different Parliaments of France, and the Bills passed in consequence had arrived. For these gentlemen it was sufficient to believe themselves competent; there was no danger of going astray under such guides.

The petition was presented by the Attorney-general: the sentence which I shall give shortly will make known the nature of his action.

As to the opinions given, it is not clear that the ordinary Counsellors were entirely unanimous: outside of them it is certain that there was one man favorable to the Jesuits; and this was M. de Chatillon, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Angoumois regiment, who in his official capacity was entitled to be present at the Council and to give his opinion. This honorable old gentleman did not shrink from defending those who had so few protectors left.

The sentence was pronounced on the 9th of July. It was declared that the Institute of the Society was an encroachment on the royal authority and the rights of the Bishops, as well as dangerous to the public peace; and that the vows made in conformity with it were null and void. Persons heretofore styling themselves Jesuits were forbidden henceforth to go by that name or to wear their ordinary habit; and in place of it were to employ that of the secular clergy. With the exception of their books and a few

articles of furniture, every thing belonging to them, whether personal property or real estate, was ordered to be seized and sold at public auction. All the church ornaments and sacred vessels of the New Orleans Jesuits were to be handed over to the Rev. Capuchin Fathers; whilst those of the Jesuits living in the Illinois country should be surrendered to the King's representative in those parts. After this the Churches were to be razed to the ground and the so-called Jesuits were to be shipped to France by the first vessel ready to sail: in the meantime they were not allowed to live together. A sum of six hundred livres was allowed to pay each one's passage and an additional fifteen hundred francs for their maintenance during six months.

At the end of that time they were commanded to present themselves to M. Le duc de Choiseul, Secretary of State for the Navy Department, and ask for the pensions which should be assigned them out of the money realized from the sale of their property.

I have already stated the general motives for the condemnation of the Jesuits in Louisiana; motives which were modeled on the decrees of the French Parliament; but in giving its decision, the Council of New Orleans was anxious to add some new and specific charges. It declared that the Jesuits in the colony *had entirely neglected their missions; that they thought only of increasing the value of their houses, and that they had usurped the vicar-generalship of New Orleans.*

If there had been question only of their own interest, the Jesuits of Louisiana, in addition to the loss of their property, could have also suffered in silence the injury done to their reputation by this sentence. But there are times when silence is equal to an avowal of guilt; and it is not allowable to acknowledge a crime laid to our charge when scandal will result therefrom. Now what greater scandal than that missionaries sent to America for the instruction of the French and the savages, missionaries living on the favors of

the King, should be condemned by the voice of their conscience even tacitly to admit that they had neglected their missions, that they had taken care only of their dwellings, and moreover were self-confessed usurpers of the vicar-generalship of a diocese? No! conscience will not oblige the Jesuits of Louisiana to admit their guilt. On the contrary it obliges them to speak; and in justifying themselves they have no fear of contradiction, or of this much, at least, they are certain, that what may be said against them has neither truth nor solidity.

There are few provinces in France at this day where there is not to be found some person of consideration who has lived in Louisiana. Of these there is none who has not known the Jesuits; the most of them have even been enabled to examine them closely. The Jesuits appeal with confidence to the testimony which these persons can give in their favor, concerning the charges in question. Nay more, they dare advance as witnesses of their conduct three governors of Louisiana and a vicar-general of the diocese of Quebec for this same colony, all of whom were still living in June of this year, 1764. Their approbation was neither asked nor anticipated.

The first witness, then, shall be M. de Bienville, commander of the King's fleet, for the last twenty years living at Paris. He may justly be regarded as the founder of the colony of Louisiana. He it was who in 1698 accompanied his brother M. d'Herville when that illustrious navy officer discovered the mouth of the Mississippi, after the famous adventurer La Salle had failed. M. de Bienville was then left on the banks of this river to commence a settlement. He governed this colony for forty-four years with the exception of a few short intervals. It was he who put it almost in the condition in which we see it at present, by building New Orleans and the post of Mobile and by establishing the other posts in Louisiana. During his long official career he always paid marked attention to all that

was going on in that vast province; he knew the merit of all who were employed there; and no person in the country could have forgotten the remarkable good will he always manifested towards the Jesuits there. Would he have acted thus towards missionaries who, failing in the care of their mission, would have failed in their most essential duty?

The second witness is the Marquis de Vaudreuil, last governor of New France. He succeeded M. de Bienville in the government of Louisiana. The Jesuits found in him a protector and a declared friend. It would be difficult to add anything to the marks of favor he constantly showed them. What could have attracted such kind attentions? Surely nothing but the idea he conceived of their fidelity to their most important duties. The integrity of M. de Vaudreuil would not have permitted him to treat with such honor missionaries who by neglect of their duty would have deserved from him only reproaches and contempt.

The third witness for the Louisiana Jesuits is M. de Kerlevec, post commander and last governor of this colony. A single proof will suffice to show his opinion of them; it is a letter which he wrote a short time before their destruction, in which he recalled to them these words of our Lord to His disciples: *Beati eritis cum vos oderint homines, et persecuti vos fuerint, et dixerint omne malum adversum vos mentientes, propter me: gaudete et exultate!* Can we believe that he would have applied this text to missionaries who had taken no care of their missions?

Finally, a fourth witness shall be M. L'abbé de l'Isle-Dieu. For more than thirty years he was at Paris, vicar-general of the Quebec Diocese and especially charged with managing its affairs in connection with Louisiana. Yet his opinion of the Jesuits in Louisiana may be gathered from a letter he wrote to them after the sentence of Aug. 6, 1762, in which he says that they *perished, to the regret of the whole episcopal body and of all good men.* Writing in

this fashion, it is rather improbable that he judged them to have failed in the care of their missions.

But it will be asked, could the Jesuits, then, defend themselves only by the testimony of others? Should they not have put forward their practices in the missions, their works and the fruits of their zeal to speak in their behalf? The good actions of every person of character ought to be recounted to his praise in presence of his judges: *Laudent eam in portis opera ejus*. The Jesuits fear not to submit to the examination here proposed; and to show what they did, I am going to speak of their missions separately. First, of the oldest, namely, those in the Illinois country, then of the New Orleans mission, together with that of the Chactas and Alibamons.

Among the Illinois the Jesuits had four established missions. The first was for the instruction of the savages called Cascaskias; and the following were the exercises practised there: At sunrise the signal was given for prayers and Mass. The savages recited the prayers in their own language and, during Mass, sang according to the Roman form, hymns and canticles translated into their own language with suitable petitions. At the end of Mass the missionary taught Catechism to the children; on his return to his dwelling he was engaged in teaching the adult Neophytes and Catechumens either in preparation for Baptism or Penance, Holy Communion or Marriage.

When he was free he went through the village exciting the faithful to fervor and exhorting the unbelievers to embrace Christianity. The rest of the day was none too much to recite the divine office, to study the language of the savages and prepare instructions for Sundays and feast days. Certainly, care, and much care, was necessary for so many varied and continual duties. At least the savages were persuaded that the Jesuits took care of them, since at the first news of the sentence pronounced against the missionaries, they wished to go in search of the officer commanding in those

parts, to beg that he would at least save them Father Meurin who was in charge of their mission. And what other idea could they form of the Jesuits? A single example will suffice as a representative of a body of men entirely devoted to the instruction of the savages; it is Father de Guyenne, who died in 1752. After having spent thirty-six years in the Louisiana Missions he had labored in the Alibamon, the Arkansas and the Miami missions. He had been curé of the Fort de Chartres and everywhere he was respected as a man of rare virtue, singular prudence and inviolable attachment to his missionary duties.

Since 1736 he had devoted himself to the Illinois mission. Called to more honorable and agreeable employments, he preferred to remain with his savages, and by his constancy had not only preserved religion, very much weakened in that nation, but had even considerably reanimated fervor by his indefatigable application to all his duties. At last, four years before his death, though afflicted with partial paralysis which rendered him incapable of motion, and though suffering from great weakness of the chest, an old malady which hardly left him strength to make himself heard, he ceased not to receive at all hours the dear Neophytes, who came from a great distance to receive instruction from him. He taught them catechism, exhorted them to virtue, heard their confessions, and by virtue of his power as Superior relieved them in their temporal necessities. Does not the example of a man so faithful to his ministry to the last day of his life, give us reason to assert that among the Jesuits established with the Illinois there remained some zeal and care for the missions?

At a league and a quarter from the village of the Illinois savages was a French village also called Cascaskias, where for forty-four years there has been a parish, always under the care of the Jesuits. Of those who have been charged with this office we dare to repeat what we have said of their brethren in general, that there are few French provinces not

still possessing witnesses of their zeal in the ministry, their fidelity in visiting the sick and relieving the poor, their assiduity in the tribunal of penance and almost daily instruction of the children. To this must be added the instruction of the negroes and the savages who were slaves of the French, to dispose them for baptism and the reception of the other sacraments. Moreover public prayers were said every evening in the Church in conjunction with the reading of some pious book; and on Sundays and festivals two catechetical instructions were given, one to the French children, another to the negro slaves and the savages, to say nothing of the solemn Masses and vespers accurately sung, with the accompanying benediction.

But there is an example of still greater solicitude. Since the year 1753 there had been at the French village of the Cascaskias a newly built parish Church one hundred and forty-four feet in length and forty-four feet front, which would never have been finished had not the cost of building been paid out of the Church revenues and the contributions of the parishioners. Fathers Tartarin, Watrin and Aubert, Jesuits, successively charged with the care of this parish, devoted to this work the greater part of the chance offerings of the faithful and the alms received for Masses. When they had the erection and adornment of their Church so much at heart, it is not likely that they were wanting in their other duties.

Is another proof needed of the Jesuits' solicitude in the care of this parish? For fifteen years past a new village called St. Geneviève has been established on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, at a league's distance from the old village. It became necessary then for the curé of the Cascaskias to visit this place for the administration of the Sacraments at least to the sick. When the population increased they asked for the erection of a Church. This request being granted, the missionaries believed it their duty to encourage the good will and to minister to the

needs of their new parishioners by more frequent visits. Nevertheless to reach this new Church it was necessary to cross the Mississippi which at that place is about a mile and a quarter wide. At times you had to trust yourself to a slave who guided the canoe alone; and your life was exposed to imminent danger if a violent storm happened to break upon you whilst on the way over. None of these difficulties prevented the curé of the Cascaskias from going over to St. Geneviève on a mission of charity, a task which he continued to discharge until a few years ago when a resident curé was stationed there after the inhabitants had built a house for him. These two villages of the Cascaskias and St. Geneviève were the second and third Jesuit settlements in the Illinois country; and it is clear to every one that care, courage and constancy were needed to fulfil even a part of the duties devolving on the missionaries.

At a distance of 80 leagues from the Illinois was Vincennes or Saint Ange, a post so called from the name of the officers commanding there. This settlement was on the banks of the Ouabache (now Wabash) which flows into the Ohio and, with it, enters the Mississippi, about seventy leagues below. In the last mentioned place there were at least sixty French families, to say nothing of the Miami savages who lived close by. Here also there was ample field for Jesuit enterprise and zeal, and they were never found wanting. This may easily be believed, if we consider that this settlement was daily growing larger and that the new inhabitants, for a long time given to a roving life, were little accustomed to practise their christian duties. Instructions and exhortations, public as well as private, were required to establish amongst them even the semblance of a good life. That the Jesuits acquitted themselves of their charge is proved by the complaints of their parishioners, who pretended that their curés went beyond the limits of their duty and took too great a care of them. This is diametrically opposite to the accusation of the Louisiana Council.

But what were the Jesuits doing among the Alibamons and Chactas? The French had settled near the Alibamon savages, the missionary discharging the office of curé. In this capacity Fr. Leroi had made them publicly promise to sell no more whiskey to the savages. It is true that a resolution so useful and necessary for the religion as well as for the temporal advantage of both Savages and French did not last long; the ancient custom was soon reëstablished and the hope of sordid gain prevailed over reason and justice; yet prudent men have not forgotten the services done by the missionaries.

What did they do for the savages? They lived with them ever ready to teach them the Christian faith when it pleased God to open their hearts. Meanwhile they endeavoured to keep them in close relations of alliance and friendship with the French, and they succeeded because these people saw well enough by their conduct that they had not come among them in quest of a fortune. This disinterestedness gained them so much credit that they became useful, even indispensable to the colony.

But it was especially in the Chactas nation that the missionaries rendered this essential service; and those who know Louisiana can tell how important it was to maintain friendly relations with this nation. If alienated from us, they could rise up and in a single day put an end to the colony, by destroying New Orleans, which had no defences whatever. It was to prevent such an attack that the missionaries led a weary life among a people as barbarous as the Chactas, making them comprehend the advantage of being at peace with the French and the value of the presents given them regularly every year. If these subsidies failed, as happened during the war, it became the missionary's task to conciliate their good will by promising indemnity for those losses. What services did not the Jesuits render when they accompanied the Governors every year to the fort of Mobile, where the Chactas assembled to receive

their allowance? To make a useful as well as a judicious distribution of presents, the Governor should have been acquainted with the chiefs of the nation and known the most devoted and influential. Who could furnish him this information except the missionary who lived with them, was in close connection with the most trustworthy, and regularly visited the thirty villages of the Chactas to see what was going on there. If there had only been question of visiting the village! But during these many years that the Chactas were divided among themselves into parties favorable or hostile to the French, even to the extent of killing one another, to what dangers was not the missionary exposed even in the solitude of his cabin? How often had he not reason to fear that his life would be taken by those who wished to have revenge upon the French for the death of the Chactas killed by their partisans? Such were the missionary's invaluable services: and for twenty years this was done by Fr. Baudoin, who now as Superior at New Orleans, has been condemned by the sentence which accuses the Jesuits of carelessness in the discharge of their duties.

Nevertheless it is hard to believe that there were not some apparent motives for reproach. This might perhaps have been the occasion: in 1763 there were no longer any Jesuits with the Arkansas, where the Jesuits were obliged to leave one, according to their grant. For many years Fr. Carette had quitted this post: his brethren were of opinion that he should have done so sooner. Though he had but little hope of bringing these savages to Christianity, the Father studied their language for a long time and tried in vain to reform the morals of the French. He followed them to the different settlements which the overflow of the Mississippi obliged them to establish. Notwithstanding so much difficulty, the missionary would not allow his efforts to be rendered useless by the conduct of those who should have assisted him: he accordingly continued in patience till the occurrence of the event we are about to describe.

In the fort of the Arkansas there was no longer a chapel, not even an apartment where Mass could be said except the hall where the commandant took his meals. Such a place was ill suited to the purpose, not only because it was a dining-hall, but still more because of the bad conduct and licentious discourse of those who frequented it. Every living creature in the fort, not excepting the fowls from the poultry yard, came there; a hen flying upon the altar upset the chalice which remained there at the close of the Mass. The spectators were not at all moved; one who should have been most concerned, crying out: *See there! the traps of the good God are down.* These sentiments were not more impious than their lives. Fr. Carette judged proper to leave the place until either a chapel was built or the people of the fort were disposed to respect religion. Elsewhere he could be employed with better hope of success.

(To be continued.)



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[Continued.]



In the latter part of 1855 arrangements were made by which some of our Fathers took charge of St. John's Church and Congregation, Very Rev. Edward Sourin, the pastor and former administrator of the diocese, entering the Novitiate on the eve of St. Stanislaus' day.

In January 1856, Fathers Ryder, Pacciarini and John Mc Guigan with one brother were stationed at St John's and Father — with four Scholastics took possession of a

building erected as a parochial school for St. John's parish, but which was now converted into a College. The second story or, as sometimes called, the first floor, being richly furnished, was fitted up as a Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, which sometime served the fashionable congregation of Philadelphia. Fathers Barbelin, Vespre and Tuffer, with one Scholastic and four Brothers remained at St. Joseph's: so that from the beginning of 1856 there were three Communities of Ours in the straight-laced City of Philadelphia. The Scholastic who remained at St. Joseph's, assisted by a young secular gentleman, opened St. Joseph's Select School, which soon had the names of a hundred boys on its list.

On the Festival of the Epiphany, Bishop James Frederick Wood made his first visit to St. Joseph's. In his eloquent sermon, he remarked: "The spirit which laid the first corner stone of its foundation is still as fresh, as vigorous, as warm, as it was then, and the recollection of the services which this Church has given to religion is embalmed in the hearts of all."

On the 15th of August, the Festival of our Mother's glorious Assumption, Father James Ward became Vice Rector of the College at Filbert and Juniper, and Superior of the Mission at St. John's.

During this year, Fr. Thomas Lilly began at St. Joseph's a congregation of colored persons. They met at different times on Sunday and once during the week. Their services on Sunday evening were attended by many white persons. He also established a school and placed it under the superintendence of a worthy colored dame, Mrs. Wood. The school was afterwards placed under the care of the colored Oblates of Mary.

1860, a year of deaths. On the 5th of January the saintly Bishop Neumann, after dinner, before going to the sinner's box, which he attended most faithfully, went out for some business connected with the temporalities of the

Diocese. He died sitting upon a curbstone. Fr. Ryder, who was paying some visits, heard the report and was greatly shocked. He went to the house of one of my brothers, Mr. Patrick Ward, and there became quite sick. They codled him, and about dusk he came home much excited about the rumored death. After supper he went to the confessional, retired to his room at nine o'clock, and went to bed never to rise again. On the morning of the 12th, I was rehearsing the boys for the Christmas play, when I was told "the Reverend Father has departed."

That was an afternoon of excitement for Philadelphia. A polished gentleman, a distinguished Jesuit, and a man of God was dead, and Philadelphia felt it. Fr. Barbelin determined that no expense should be spared when showing respect to the memory of "the pride of the Maryland Province." The most expert upholsterers were employed and never before nor since has the Church been so beautifully draped in mourning.

Rev. Wm. O'Hara D. D., now the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Scranton, a former pupil of Father Ryder, and the leading secular priest of the Philadelphia diocese, was engaged to preach the funeral discourse. The only fear was that the crowd attending would be beyond all precedent. Although the day before the funeral was as genial as a Spring morning, before the time the sun should have risen the next day, it was snowing and hailing. The streets were almost impassable, and it was determined that no females should be in the funeral procession; yet despite the storm and despite the prohibition, they formed on the opposite sidewalk, and were the first at the tomb.

The following obituary appeared in the "Public Ledger" of January 13, 1860.

"Rev. James Ryder D. D., lately officiating at St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley, died yesterday morning at the parsonage attached to the Church, from inflammation of the bowels, after a short illness. His remains, we under-

stand, will be placed in St. Joseph's Church, and his funeral will take place on Saturday morning, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wood, Bishop of the diocese officiating. The remains will be taken to a vault adjoining St. John's Church, Thirteenth Street.

"Dr Ryder was born in Ireland in October, 1800, and came to this country when quite young. In 1815 he entered among the Jesuits as a novice of the order, and during the ensuing five years prosecuted his philosophical studies at Georgetown College. In 1826, he went to Rome, where, for five years, he was occupied in the study of theology. It was during this period that he made his defence in theology in the Roman College. After his ordination in 1825 he was appointed teacher of Theology and Sacred Scripture in the College of Spoleto, where the present Pope was then Archbishop. At the close of three years he resigned this position and returned to America. The ripened attainments which he had acquired during his absence rendered his presence at Georgetown desirable and he accordingly entered a second time, not as a pupil but as a teacher of Theology and Philosophy. He was soon after appointed to the Vice-Presidency of the College, which position he held during several years, having twice visited Philadelphia during the interval to spend some time in pastoral relation. It was upon one of these occasions that he attended the laying of the corner-stone of St John's Catholic Church, Thirteenth Street above Chestnut. In 1839, during the erection of St. Joseph's Church, in Willing's Alley, Dr. Ryder was pastor of that congregation, as he had, in fact, been for a short period, while they yet worshipped in the old building on the site of their present large and comfortable edifice. The corner-stone of the Church it may be added was laid by Dr. Ryder who preached in St. Mary's on the occasion. The procession to the Church on that day and the solemnities attending it, are well remembered by many of our citizens. Towards the close of '39

he assumed the pastoral charge of St. John's Church, in Frederick, Md. In 1840 he was elected President of Georgetown College. Subsequently he was elected President of Worcester College, Mass. He was also Superior of the Order of Jesuits in the Province of North America. As a lecturer and pulpit orator, Dr. Ryder was exceedingly popular in the Roman Catholic community." So far the Ledger.

On March 26th, Father Francis Vespre died aged seventy-six. He had been many years at St. Joseph's and was much loved. Although for a long time feeble and almost as weak as a child, his sickness was short. With all his queer little ways, Father Vespre had a sanctified heart, led a holy life, and many a time I pray that my last end may be like to his.

On April 27th the grim old tyrant paid the Jesuits of Philadelphia another visit, not at St. Joseph's, but at St. John's Residence, and took from us Father John Blox, aged forty-nine. Father Blox had preached at St. Joseph's a few Sundays before and gave the frightened congregation to understand that "all flesh is grass" and the next to be mowed by the scythe of that industrious agriculturist, who lays up hay whether the sun shines or not, was the flesh of Father Barbelin; but he was mistaken; it was the 'glory' of the erudite author of *Justo Ucondono*, that was to fall 'as a flower of the field.' He had just made, at the mission of Goshenhoppen, his day of monthly recollection and, to good Father Bally a general confession of his whole life.

The Ledger in its issue of the 28th has this notice. "Death of a Catholic clergyman. Rev. John Blox died suddenly yesterday morning, at the parsonage of St. John's Church, Thirteenth above Chestnut Street, of disease of the heart. The deceased, who was formerly of Alexandria Virginia, has been connected with St. John's Church about two years, during which period the congregation became devotedly attached to him. His death will be much lamented by them.

Truly, death, thou art insatiable, we might surely think thou hadst garnered enough for one sad year. But, alas! the grain has been so good, thou longest for more. On Sunday evening, June the 3rd, the boys of St. Joseph's congregation had one of their beautiful processions in honor of their May-Queen. Mr. Charles Devlin, a young Scholastic, who had been sent to Philadelphia on account of his health, spent most of the day in my company, following me from place to place, as, busy in my preparations, I wandered through the house. Oh! how he talked. In the evening, instead of sitting, he stood during all the speaking and singing. Next day he was a corpse. He was a youth of fine abilities, and, what is better, of solid piety. He had been my pupil and I felt his loss as that of a brother.

Alas! is not this enough? Amid the heats of July died St. Joseph's College, at Filbert and Juniper Sts.

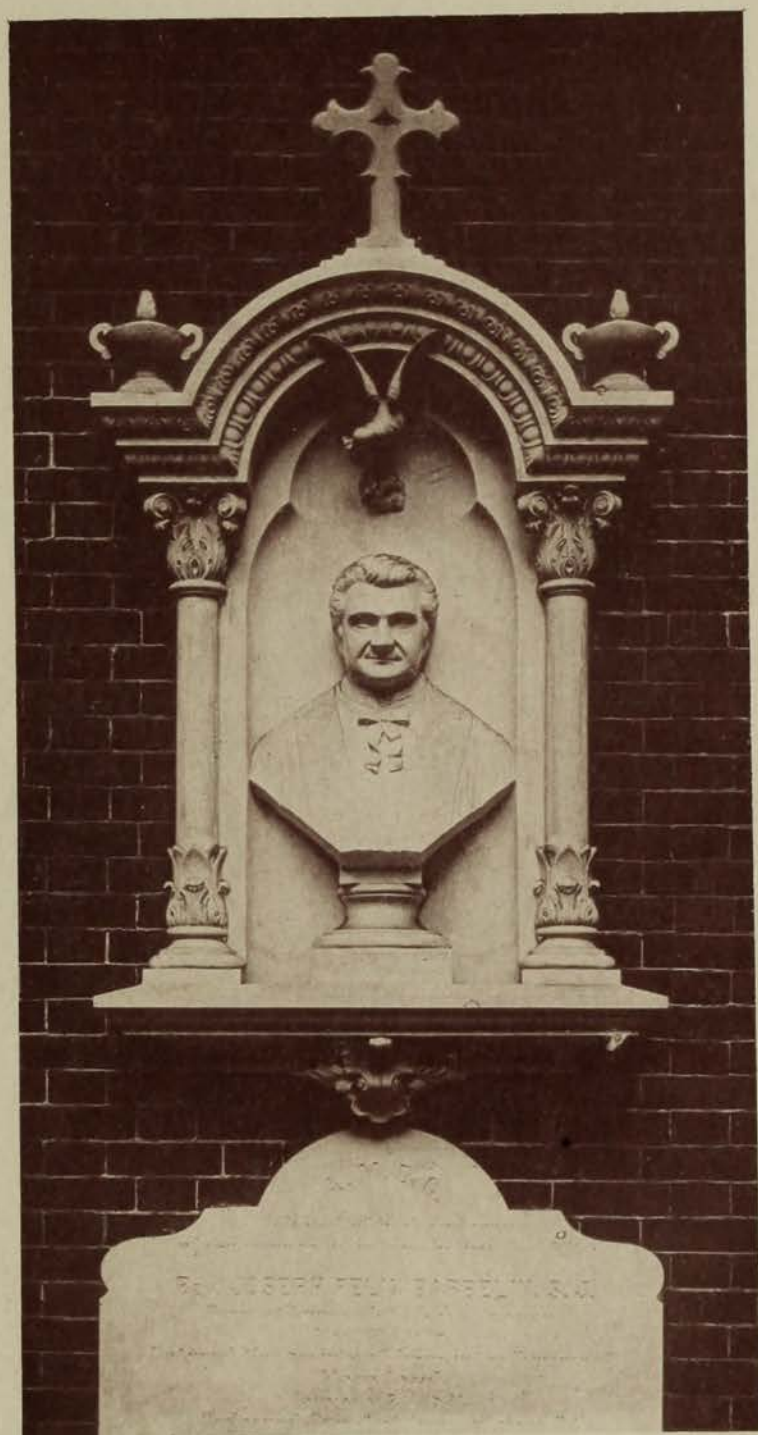
In the early parts of March 1862 Father Thomas Lilly was stricken with apoplexy while sitting at the dinner table. He died on the 15th, and was buried with the usual ceremonies on the 18th. The Rt. Rev. Bishop preached his funeral discourse. Father Lilly was a native of Pennsylvania, had held important offices in the Society, as First Prefect in Georgetown College, Procurator of the Province, and Rector of St. John's College, Frederick. He was a great favorite with the poor, among whom he delighted to labor.

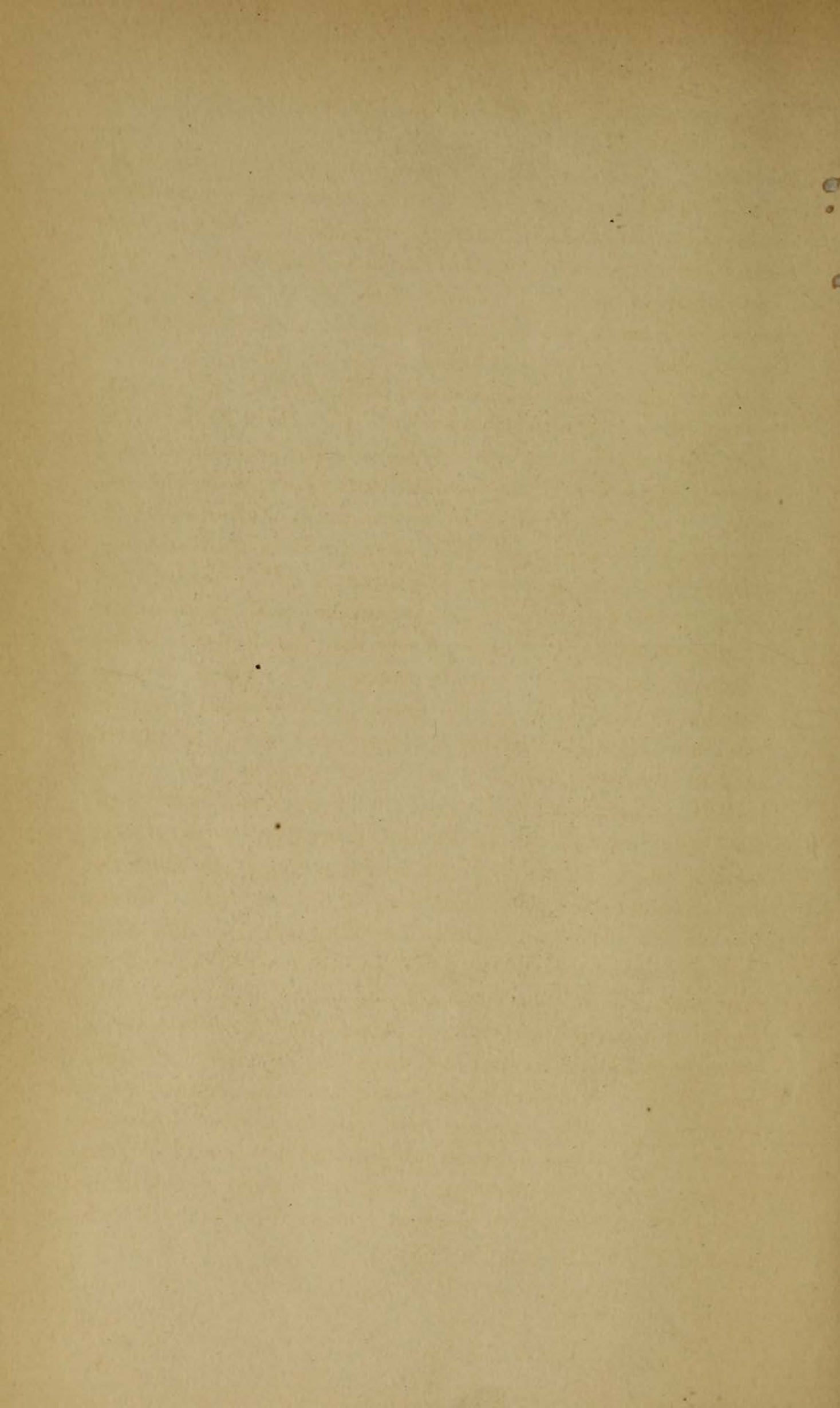
On the 28th of January 1866, St. Joseph's was crowded to repletion to witness the ordination of Rev. Francis O'Neil and Mr.——, S. J. This was the first ordination at St. Joseph's since that of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes. Bishop Wood was the celebrant. He preached an eloquent sermon, and to do honor to the occasion wore for the first time the magna cappa which had lately been sent him from Rome. The mother of the new Father was present at his ordination, and afterwards she received once holy communion at the Sacred table, from his hands, then,

having achieved the great desire of her life, she never more left the house. Her son had the consolation of administering to her the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist weekly until her death, and of giving her the last absolution.

In 1867 Father Barbelin organized a temporary Society of ladies called the Mater Admirabilis Society. Its object was to collect funds towards paying for the large lot of ground purchased as the site of a future College and Church. This lot is bounded by 17th, 18th, Stiles and Thompson Streets. On the 8th of December 1868, the Chapel of the New St. Joseph's as it was then called, the Chapel of the Holy Family as it is now styled, was solemnly dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. This building is a part of the intended College of St. Joseph's but will be used as a chapel until the new Church of the Holy Family is built.

With the beginning of the year 1869 there was a visible failing in the health of our dear Father. Still we hoped he would be soon relieved and be spared us for many, many years. On the day of First Communion he undertook to give the Heavenly Bread to the young communicants, as he had been accustomed to do for the third of a century, but before he finished the first rail, he was obliged to desist and the unworthy compiler of these truthful annals took his place. Still the next day he started for Goshenhoppen to make, as usual, his annual retreat. On his return all our last hopes failed and we felt we were soon, too soon, alas ! to lose our father, the friend of our boyhood, the director of our youth and the loved Superior of our manhood. He continued to go to the confessional, and on the eve of Pentecost, when after a weary session of ten hours, I went to his room, to learn the arrangement for the next day's Masses, he apologized for leaving the holy box so soon, as if I did not know his heart was there if his body were absent. On Sunday the 30th of May, the Feast of St. Felix, he said his last Mass, at the Altar of the Sacred





Heart, he loved so dearly, and had to be carried to his room. On Friday, June 4th, Father Peter Blenkinsop heard his confession and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. When I mentioned this circumstance to the congregation at the 8½ o'clock Mass, aged and youthful, men and women, white and black raised up their voices and wept together.

After Mass I went to the Episcopal mansion to announce to the Bishop the approaching death; he was about to hold a meeting of the consultors and would have dismissed them at once, but I told him the danger was not so imminent. Immediately after the consultation, accompanied by his chancellor and two of the principal priests of his diocese, he paid a visit to the dying saintly man. This was a signal for visits from priests old and young, from all parts of the diocese, until we were obliged to refuse admission. In the evening our kind Father Provincial, Very Rev. Angelo Paresce arrived, bringing with him good Brother O'Reilly from the Novitiate; wisely thinking that his great experience in nursing the sick would be of great service on the present occasion. On Saturday, as I went and came from the confessional, I announced our alternate hopes and fears to the crowds of penitents in waiting, and many were the communions offered the next day, being the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, for his recovery. On Sunday he seemed to rally, and when I announced in the Sunday School that it was possible he might recover, a little boy's voice struck up "Evviva Maria," and never was there sweeter singing than that chorus of "Evviva Maria, e Chi la creò" from a thousand scholars and teachers;—their innocent loving hearts were on their tongues. Then followed unbidden, St. Felix's hymn, "St. Joseph's, vir fidelis," "On this day, O beautiful Mother," until the Sunday School was turned into a concert of youthful praise for a favor, which God in His wisdom did not grant.

Beauteous month of May, dear to all, dearer still to the children of the true Church, as Mary's month, was dearest of all to St. Joseph's congregation as also the natal month of Joseph Felix Barbelin. He was born on the 30th of May, 1808, in the suburbs of the pretty little town of Lunville, in the Province of Alsace, France, the eldest of six children, three sons and three daughters. His three sisters are now among the Daughters of Charity, caring with the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, for Christ's poor; the second son, married to a Polish princess, conducts under the patronage of the Empress of Russia, a school for young noble-ladies at St. Petersburg; and the youngest son and child, after having been ordained as a secular priest, entered our Society in France, and is not wanting in the Apostolic spirit of his eldest brother.

His parents were respectable, and in comfortable circumstances: each belonged to a family noted for its piety and numbering many ecclesiastics and religious among its members. A maternal aunt, not then a *religieuse* held him in her arms when the saving waters were poured upon him, and having become the bride of Heaven, prepared him for the happy-day of first Communion. It was under the tuition of a Reverend paternal uncle that he acquired his classical knowledge; and his earlier Philosophical and Theological studies were pursued in a Seminary of which another uncle was President. From another aunt who was Superioress of a Religious house, and with whom he spent a few weeks each Summer, he has told me, he received his first idea of enrolling himself among the sons of Loyola. And still another aunt, who was housekeeper to a castle near Luneville, where Stanislaus the last king of Poland had been prisoner, seasoned the tempting delicacies with which she regaled him, with wholesome remarks about the insufficiency of worldly goods and honors to satisfy a noble soul. It was a truly Catholic family. They enjoyed the comforts of life, while every word and action had its connection with and its reference to the one thing needful.

Father Barbelin was not ashamed to speak of the sanctity of his mother: no true son is; and the parish priest, who had known her well and been her confessor from girlhood, refused, to the great dissatisfaction of her first-born, who felt keenly the purity needful to render us meet for fellowship with the Lamb, refused to offer up the propitiatory Sacrifice for her departed soul, as she was already clothed in white, singing the anthem that only the ransomed sing.

Would that I had a painter's pencil or a poet's pen to describe that Sunday morning in the latter part of November 1854. His mother had died on the 30th of August of the preceding year—and his father in the early part of this month. Those who had never before entered any confessional but a Jesuit's, consented on the yester even to go even to a stranger—such were the crowds around the six boxes at St. Joseph's. Two priests gave communion to the hundreds who approached at the 6 o'clock Mass. But when at 7 o'clock the Pastor-son walked gravely to the Altar, and the deep base tones of the organ accompanied the tearful voices of the children as they sang 'Pray for the dead' the very air sobbed in sympathy for him whose feelings at that moment were too sacred to be described. When the moment of communion arrived who could expect one man, were he St. Francis de Hieronimo himself, to give to all who wished to receive from his hands? The church emptied itself again and again, to be filled again and again and still again with devout communicants, and when at last the wearied organ ceased and the fatigued singers headed by the organist approached and knelt around the sacred railing, I bowed my head and struck my breast and murmured: 'Lord, what kind of man is this, that all make his sorrow theirs?' And a breath of the Spirit answered: ' 'tis one who honored his father and his mother.' No daily paper gave a lengthy account of this truly interesting event, there were none there to watch and report;—

all came to receive and, after a short thanksgiving, each left to make room for another, and angels inscribed the day upon the records of Sion.

(To be continued.)

BROTHER JOHN DE BRUYN.

Letter of Fr. P. M. Ponziglione to Fr. John Van Krevel.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,

FEBRUARY 8th, 1875.

DEAR FATHER.

A few days ago, on my return from a long excursion through our western missions, I received your favor of the 18th ultimo, from which I learn that you are anxious to obtain some information about Brother John De Bruyn, who died in this mission nearly ten years ago. I never sent a special account of his death to any one, as well as I remember; however, as the life of Br. John, and especially his death were not without interest, and as the remembrance of him may be profitable to us all, I will endeavor to comply with your wishes. The account I am going to give you I have taken from the necrology of this good Brother, which I myself wrote in the *Litterae annuae* of the mission for the year 1865, and will add to it whatever may serve to throw light upon the subject.

Brother John De Bruyn was a native of Belgium, and was born July 25, 1814. He entered our Society October 30th, 1842 and made his novitiate at St. Stanislaus near

Florissant. Together with Brother John Sheehan, Br. Thomas Coghlan, and Father John Bax he accompanied Father John Schoenmakers, our Superior, to this Mission, which they reached April 29th 1847. To establish a Mission in a wild country, was certainly not an easy task; and if the two Fathers had to encounter much hard labor, the three Brothers, perhaps, fared still worse, on account of their continual contact with the savages. The care of the farm having been intrusted to Br. John Sheehan, Br. Thomas Coghlan was charged with that of the house, while Br. John De Bruyn was made cook, dispenser, refectorian, gardener, sacristan; in a word, he was *ad omnia*, ever ready for all kinds of work: the hardest and most disagreeable being invariably his own choice. The zeal he displayed at the very beginning of his labors in this portion of the vineyard of our Lord, he preserved unabated to the end of his life.

He labored in this Mission for over eighteen years. In the latter part of October 1865, he was attacked by a most violent inflammation of the bowels, and was obliged to surrender himself to the care of the Infirmarian. All that could be done to relieve him was tried, but to no purpose. While lingering between life and death, a circumstance happened which greatly moved him.

We had at that time in our service an excellent young man by the name of Joseph Reams who was then just nineteen years of age. He came to us in order to be instructed in our holy Religion and in one month had succeeded in learning his prayers, and committing to memory a portion of the catechism. The good catechumen was to be baptized in few days, when, on the morning of the 30th of October, he was found dead in his bed! Br. John De Bruyn had a great affection for the young man, they frequently worked together, and both seemed to be happy when they could spend some time in each other's company. Fearing that the news of Joseph's sudden death might prove

fatal to our dear Brother, we determined to conceal from him what had happened. But he very soon found it out, and the sorrow it occasioned him was truly great. He prayed most fervently for a while, and afterwards looking at those who were standing by, he said: "O, I am sure, that God has been merciful to the poor boy! O yes I know he was very good, and wished only to be baptized! Now it is done with him, you had better prepare to bury me also."

On the 2nd of November, all hope of his recovery being dismissed it was thought proper to strengthen him with the Sacraments of the Church. I myself administered them to him while the whole Community knelt in prayer around his bed. The piety and devotion with which he received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction were remarkable, and showed most evidently, that he not only did not fear death, but on the contrary deemed it the prelude to endless joy.

When this duty was performed they all returned to their different avocations, and I remained alone with him. He looked around to see whether any one else was in the room, and finding that we were left alone he said to me in great confidence; "O Father, I must acknowledge that I have been a miserable sinner all the days of my life, but at this last moment I cannot conceal from you that I have also received many and great favors from God. Yes, Father, years ago, in the Novitiate near Florissant, I was one day very much troubled in mind, because I had been commanded to do something to which I felt a great repugnance. I went to walk in the garden, and lo! I beheld a crown of thorns lying across my path. I wondered at the sight, and could not understand how that crown could be found in such a place; but what especially caused me surprise was the fact that it resembled the crown which is wont to be represented amongst the instruments of the Passion of our Lord. While I was gazing upon it in surprise it suddenly disappeared, and I never saw it again. But the image of that crown never departed from my mind, and the thought

of it ever afterwards in all my troubles helped me to be resigned to the will of God.

"On another occasion as I was praying in the old Chapel of the Novitiate I saw what appeared to me the ceiling opening and the Immaculate Mother of God standing sensibly in the air before me, and looking upon me with great affection. Though this beautiful apparition lasted only a few minutes, yet most powerful was the assistance which it gave me to overcome the many difficulties I was meeting with in the way of religious perfection.

"Finally, some ten years ago in this very house, as I was one morning sweeping your room, I directed my eyes to the picture of our Lady, which hung upon the wall, and I saw the Mother of God standing before me. How she came in I cannot tell, but of this I am positive, that I saw her as clearly as I now see you. Full of confusion at the sight, I threw myself on my knees and endeavored to speak to her, but was unable to articulate a word, so great was the excitement under which I labored. Then the Virgin looking upon me most sweetly, smiled, and disappeared. I never again saw her. The memory of this delightful vision rendered very easy all the hardships I have since endured."

Now, were I to be asked if I myself really give credence to these visions of Br. John De Bruyn; in reply I would say that I sincerely do, and this not only on account of the intimate knowledge I had of Br. John's heart and soul, but also because I believe they verified, even in our days, what St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians (1. Cor. i. 27.), "*quæ stulta sunt mundi elegit Deus ut confundat sapientes.*"

Br. John De Bruyn revealed to me these facts about twenty minutes after he had received the last Sacraments. Having been always very humble, he certainly did not relate them in order to elicit praise. I was his spiritual director for upwards of fourteen years, and in conversing with me he several times intimated, without however coming to any particulars, that he had been the recipient of some

extraordinary graces. Moreover, when I consider the solemnity of the moment in which he spoke to me, and when I recall to mind how truthful and circumspect he was wont to be in his expressions, I am forced to believe that the last statements he made to me were true.

He felt that his hour had now come, and taking in his hand the crucifix and an image of the Immaculate Virgin he kissed them, and pressed them for a moment to his bosom. Then turning to Br. Frederick Wenstrup, who was in attendance upon him, he requested to be raised upright. With our assistance he stood for a moment on his feet, then fell upon his knees beside his bed, and bowing his head over his clasped hands, calmly expired. He was fifty years of age, of which he had passed twenty-three in our Society.

What the cause was that prompted him to stand up, and then suddenly to fall upon his knees, as it were in an act of adoration, we cannot tell; but it made the impression upon us that some heavenly favor was, at that last hour, granted to him.

We laid him on his pallet, and kneeling by his side prayed God to give eternal rest to his soul. Looking at him you would have thought he was sleeping; his countenance wore the expression of a just man, who having spent many years in the service of God, had departed to receive the reward of his labors. Indeed his death was precious in the sight of the Lord. May his soul rest in peace.

Yours in Christ,

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

VOYAGE OF VERY REV. FR. JOHN ANTHONY
GRASSI, S. J. FROM RUSSIA TO AMERICA.

JAN. 1805—OCT. 1810.

The Emperor of Russia, Paul I, was dissatisfied with the professors of the University of Vilna and took the resolution in 1799 to put that institution again under the charge of the Society of Jesus, some of whose members had been retained by his mother, Catharine II., in White Russia.

These Religious having represented to the Emperor, that, without express permission from the Sovereign Pontiff, they could not establish a community in places where the *brief of suppression* had been promulgated; accordingly, the Emperor took all the measures necessary to obtain this authorization from the Holy See; and Pius VII, in a brief dated March 7, 1801, granted to Father Kareu, then Superior general of the Jesuit Fathers, the faculty full and entire of establishing the Society throughout Russia, but no farther: "*Intra limites Rossiaci imperii tantum.*"

The news of this grant of the Pope reached Peking, where an ex-Jesuit of France, Father Louis Poirot, was staying at the Court of the Emperor in quality of musician, and this Father took courage at the prospect of having some Jesuits to succeed him in the important mission of China. Profiting by the return to Italy of a Lazarist missionary, he sent letters to Pope Pius VII., and to the General of the Society, entreating them to favor the realization of this hope. Fr. Gabriel Grüber had already succeeded to the office and cares of Father Kareu. In each of these letters he pleaded that, whilst his advanced age (he was over 80) and multiplied infirmities warned him daily of his approaching end,

there was only one thing he cared to live for, and this he desired most ardently: it was to see a member of the Society of Jesus come to China to succeed him. In closing, he most earnestly solicited the privilege of renewing his religious profession, that he might have the consolation of dying a true son of the Society of Jesus.

The Pope despatched the petition to Father Grüber; and he, having already received the letter intended for him, did not take long to decide in accordance with the generosity of his heart. He was encouraged in this step by a most favorable turn of circumstances. The Russian Government, which had long before projected a Jesuit mission in China with a fixed residence, such as the French Jesuits had begun under the protection of Louis XIV., was again, in 1804, discussing the feasibility of this project. A solemn embassy was then on the eve of departing for China. Count Golowkin, the ambassador who had been appointed to treat with the Chinese Emperor and to be the bearer of magnificent presents to the Chinese Court, had many learned men in his suite and had set his heart on being accompanied by some Jesuits. The proposal was made to Father Grüber, who accepted it—remonstrating only that he could send no more than two or three Religious for the time being, just to take possession of the mission. He remarked moreover, that, as the embassy was to enter China on the north by the land route, while missionaries had invariably entered by sea at Canton or Macao, it might prove an obstacle to their mission were they to journey with the embassy. In consideration of this, the Court allowed the missionaries to go by sea. It was agreed that they should repair to Gottenburg by land, and thence pass over to London, where they would find every convenience for taking ship directly to Canton. Father General promised to write without delay to Rev. William Strickland, a Father of the old Society in England who was then living in London, to engage passages

on board a vessel to be ready for the missionaries as soon as they would arrive in that City.

Arrangements being thus made for the voyage, towards the middle of December, Fr. General wrote from his residence at St. Petersburg to the Provincial of Polocz, Fr. Anthony Lustyg, with orders to prepare for this mission the Fathers, Norbert Korsack and John Anthony Grassi, with the lay brother John Sürmer, a German, and once a sculptor by profession; and to send them off at the earliest opportunity. Father Korsack, who had been teaching Philosophy and who was a native of White Russia, was appointed the Superior. Fr. Grassi, formerly of Bergamo in Italy, was at that time Rector of the College of Nobles attached to the College of Polocz; he had been destined for the mission of Astrakhan on the borders of the Caspian Sea, and had been applying to the study of Armenian. Fr. Jos. Pignatelli had been his Novice-Master at Colorno—the first Novitiate of the Society opened in Italy since 1799.

This letter from the General enjoined the three Religious to come provided with books on Mathematics, on Physics and on Astronomy; but it made no mention of their destination. They set out from the College of Polocz, Jan. 14, 1805; and travelling day and night they arrived safely at St. Petersburg, Jan. 19. There they were received kindly by the Rector of the College who, after embracing them recommended them to answer questions about their voyage saying that they were going to Stockholm—words which sounded to all very mysterious. Several days passed before they were acquainted with the mission for which they had been called.

At length Father General sent for Father Korsack and let him know, that he and his companions were destined for the mission of Pekin, and that the beginning of February was to be the time of their departure; meanwhile they were to make necessary preparations. As to the General himself he displayed wonderful activity and a truly paternal affection.

He provided each of the Fathers with full sets of vestments, chalices etc., in a chest containing whatever may be needed for celebrating Mass and administering the Sacraments. He purchased for them mathematical instruments and a scientific laboratory with all the apparatus for physics and astronomy ; and he supplied them also with medicines, and with a stock of images, pictures and other little objects for presents. He made them take along some good suits of secular clothes with Russian furs. Finally he put in their hands a document conferring on them all the privileges customary for Jesuits on the Indian missions, he procured them several letters of recommendation, and gave them as much money as he judged sufficient to defray their expenses on the voyage.

Having got all things in readiness, the General fixed their departure for the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. On that morning, he took the missionaries into his chamber : there, after praying some moments on his knees before a statue of St. Ignatius, he arose, blessed and embraced them ; and presented each of them with some object of devotion as a token of his affection. They were in secular dress, but they had taken along with them the habit of the Society. Then they departed in three sledges, one for the Fathers, another for the Brother and a Swede who was to be their interpreter, and the third carried their trunks and valises.

For two days the missionaries met with no accident ; but after that they felt the necessity of halting. They were disabled, Fr. Korsack by an enormous swelling in the throat, Br. Sürmer from constipation in the bowels, and Fr. Grassi who had from the beginning been barely convalescent, now felt such acute pain in his side that he was compelled to lie down. And so they spent some of the Saturday and the whole of Sunday on mattresses spread on the floor of a spare room in the post-master's cabin, fortunate enough that they had found any shelter at all in that desert place.

Their ills grew worse from day to day: and there was no doctor within call, no medicines that would cure these ailments. Nevertheless they took heart and were persuaded by their interpreter to travel in spite of sickness. They arrived at a little town, where a garrison is kept on the frontiers of Russia and Sweden and where they found an inn. Besides, there was a doctor attending the soldiers, under whose care they improved so steadily that in ten days they were able to continue their journey.

Then the little band took the direction of Abo the capital of Finland. Beyond that city our travellers crossed over the frozen sea post haste, changing horses at every island till they came to the island Aland. Here they were obliged to remain many days for a change of weather to make the Gulf of Bothnia passable either for sleds or ships. At length on March 20, they crossed the gulf in a mail-boat and landed on the shore of Sweden in safety. From this out, they found the Swedish sleighs more convenient, being narrower and longer than the Russian sledges, and so more suited to the roads of Sweden, especially at that season. In this kind of conveyance they arrived, March 22, at Stockholm.

Immediately, they made enquiries for the Abbé Moretti, the Superior of the Swedish missions, who had several times written to implore Fr. General to undertake these missions. They learned to their sorrow that he had died. But they found at the capital Mr. Fontana from Leghorn, who had recently been nominated Russian consul to Gottenbürg, and who had been informed at St. Petersburg of the mission undertaken by these three Jesuits. He easily recognised them from the ample privileges expressed in the Imperial passports, and he lost no time before he presented them to Mr. Alopeus, the Russian minister at Stockholm. They were received very graciously by His Excellency, who however showed his disapproval of their policy in seeking to embark from London: "The English,

said he, "from a spirit of jealousy, will not admit you on one of their ships ; and even if they should, in consideration of our Emperor as an ally to their Government, grant you passage, you run the risk of being landed without ceremony on some desert island. Now I am informed that a vessel bound for Canton is soon to set sail from Copenhagen ; so you will do well to direct your way to Copenhagen without delay, and to profit by the opportunity. I will take care to write to St. Petersburg about it, and I can furnish you with a note to Mr. Lisakiawicz, our minister at the court of Denmark."

The minister's reasons approved themselves to all, especially to the mind of Mr. Fontana, who thought the new plan excellent. Accordingly the three Jesuits advised the very Rev. Fr. Vicar-general of their change of mind, traded off their furs and sledges for two carriages, and left Stockholm for Copenhagen, March 19. They passed the Sound between Helsingborg and Elsinore on March 24 ; there they left their luggage at the custom house, and thus disencumbered they took a mail coach to Copenhagen, where they arrived that evening.

The following day was the feast of the Annunciation ; and after celebrating Mass on their portable altar, they presented themselves to Mr. Lisakiawicz, with the note from Mr. Alopeus. His Excellency read the note, and ordered enquiries to be made in haste when the ship was to set sail for China.

The next day Mr. Von Brin, his secretary, came to acquaint the Fathers that there was a ship bound for Canton, but that it had already raised anchor, and it was outside the harbor awaiting a favorable wind to hoist sail. He added that he had sought an interview with the Director-in-chief of the Danish Line of Indian vessels, to entreat his favor in their behalf ; but that this gentleman declared that the ship could not possibly take any passengers, as she had no convenience for them. The secretary urged, that the Fa-

thers would be glad to have any kind of accommodation : and as he insisted, the Director answered that it was absolutely impracticable—there was a Dutch convoy however, which might take them on board. Mr. Von Brin went to get information about this vessel, but with no better success.

The Fathers were at a loss and returned to advise with his Excellency, the Russian minister, whether it were not best to follow the route first intended and proceed to London, where Father General had already requested a friend to engage a ship for their passage to Canton.

The minister assented, and they set out in quest of a vessel to take them to England. They found one, but had to wait long before it should go out of port. This interval they spent at the Catholic Church of Copenhagen, where they were the guests of Rev. Holzfürster and Bractesende, two Benedictine Fathers from Germany, who treated them very kindly. It was during their stay here, that Fr. Korsack read in a newspaper, that Father General had died and had appointed Fr. Anthony Lustyg to manage, as Vicar-general, the affairs of the Society for the time being.

At last, on the 21st of April, the missionaries departed from Copenhagen. But at Elsinore they put in to reclaim their luggage, and after that the weather did not allow them to continue the voyage till the 25th inst. From this they made slow progress, till in the Skager Rack a violent tempest attacked them by night on the 8th of May. The ship was being driven out of the channel, the captain was forced to veer round to the Norwegian coast, and the passengers were in constant alarms, till the storm began to abate towards May 11th. On the 12th of May, they entered a deep bay called Swenhur which, ensconced between headlands and protected by mountains, affords to distressed vessels an excellent shelter from the rough seas, and there they were detained by bad weather till the 17th. On the 22nd of May, they arrived in the roadstead of Gravesend ; and after showing their passports they were permitted to proceed up the Thames to London.

On May 25, they set foot in London. Fr. Strickland, having sent to meet them, Fr. Anthony Kohlman—who from the Paccanari Congregation had already been received into the Society—gave them a most hearty welcome on their arrival, lodged them comfortably, and lavished on them every attention with a cordiality truly fraternal.

However their hope of embarking for China was destined again to be disappointed. In spite of repeated enquiries and untiring searches made by himself and by many friends, Fr. Strickland assured them that all efforts had been in vain—their passage to China could not be bought by love or money. Only one means remained untried: it was to interest Lord Macartney in their case. For Fr. Strickland knew, that this gentleman, when ambassador at Pekin, had been on friendly terms with the last Jesuit Missionaries FF. Amiot and Poirot, at whose invitation the Fathers were going out to China; and he hoped that as ex-Viceroy of India, Lord Macartney would have some influence with the East India Company. Wherefore he set out with them to the Lord's residence, and introduced them to him. Lord Macartney received them very kindly, telling them that he was much indebted to the Jesuit Fathers at Pekin for the services they had been able to render him, thanks to their practical knowledge of the country. The noble Lord frankly avowed that it was much to the interest of the India Company, if they could only be persuaded of it, to promote these missions rather than to oppose them. He promised to speak with the Directors of the Company on this point, and on parting he assured them of the happiness it would give him to help them to accomplish the end of their desires.

On their return, they learned that the Russian minister, Count Woronzoff, had left his card, requesting an interview. He had a letter for Fr. Poirot, which they were desired to take instead of that of Fr. Grüber addressed to the same Father, which they had formerly received at St. Petersburg, as

there were some expressions which might perhaps give offence to the Chinese. This was all : he dared not meddle in the affair of their voyage, having received no instructions to that effect from St. Petersburg.

June 25, Fr. Strickland and the missionaries paid a second visit to Lord Macartney. He showed himself much interested in them, asked a multitude of questions about the Society, spoke much of the Fathers Poirot and Amiot (of the latter of whom he had a portrait hanging in his boudoir), and he assured them anew of his readiness to help them. Yet in spite of all these professions of good will, they gained nothing. For a few days later, when Fr. Strickland pressed the main business, he was told that all Lord Macartney's efforts had been in vain. He had spoken in person with the Directors of the Company ; but these had put him off with polite phrases and fair promises always evading a direct answer. Other persons of standing, who had essayed to intercede for them with the Directors, met with as little satisfaction.

Thrown upon their own plans again, they determined to follow the advice of Fr. Lustyg, their new Superior : he had written to them, that in case they could not embark at London they should repair to Lisbon and try to pass to Macao in a Portuguese vessel. So after fresh troubles and expensive delays at the custom houses, they got their luggage off on board a Portuguese brig that was to sail for Lisbon on July 29. The captain of this brig, contrary to the expectation of the passengers, turned off the course and steered into Cork, Ireland, where he stopped to take in cargo and more passengers. With contrary winds they put in at Cork only on Aug. 15, and they were delayed there by unfavorable weather till Sept. 20.

Their stay in Ireland proved to them what they had heard of the hospitality of that warm-hearted people ; and nowhere did they meet a kinder reception than from Dr. Mayland, the Bishop of Cork.

The passage from Cork to Lisbon was more happy, the only draw-back being sea-sickness which gave the good Fathers a long exercise of patience. This yielded to other feelings when they came in sight of the fortress St. Julian, as there loomed up in the distance the walls of those gloomy dungeons, in which Pombal had shut up so many Priests and Religious for the sole crime of being Jesuits.

They landed at Lisbon, Sept. 28. The next day, they put themselves in communication with Mr. Edward Stack, an excellent Irish merchant to whom they had been recommended by his friend, Fr. Jas. Jourdan, a Jesuit Father residing in Russia. This good gentleman befriended them in many ways during their subsequent residence in Portugal, not the least of which was his advice to be cautious in their dealings in a place so hostile to their Order.

The Rector of the Irish College (an institution which had been under the direction of the Old Society) was also constant in his attentions during their sojourn at Lisbon. Through the kind offices of a Portuguese, their fellow passenger, they took lodging at the monastery of the Fathers of Penance, known in Rome by the name of Scalzetti. Three cells were placed at their disposal, and in lieu of beds a straw mattress was prepared for each.

The Jesuits next procured clerical habits, very like the cassocks worn by secular Priests in England; and in this costume they paid their respects to the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignore Caleppi from Bergamo. The prelate did not conceal his delight at seeing the Jesuits; for he was sincerely attached to their Order, which he once tried to enter, and which he had made a vow to help to restore: he would, he said, have gained admission, were it not for his parents who were frightened on seeing the fate of the Spanish Jesuits. Then the Nuncio promised to say a good word to the Superior whose hospitality they were sharing at the monastery, and recommended them to be very wary in their conduct: for the persecuting laws of Pombal against the

Jesuits were yet in vigor, so much so, that recently a French Father of the Paccanari Congregation, the Abbé Rabazac, had been under the necessity of quitting Portuguese territory, simply because the police had set their suspicions on him as a Jesuit,—and that in spite of the protection of the Spanish minister, the Marquis del Campo. In parting, he reminded them that the vessels bound for Macao were very few, and that they sailed but once a year and that at Easter or thereabouts; and he invited them to come and dine with him—a courtesy which they politely accepted and of which they availed themselves more than once during their trying delay at Lisbon.

The Russian minister, Mr. Vasilavicz, and his secretary Mr. Kraft, to whom they paid a complimentary visit, appeared favorably disposed to their enterprise. But they had become less sanguine now in their expectations from ministers, and they awaited their opportunity seeking to perfect themselves meanwhile in the studies of mathematics and astronomy. For this purpose they spent much time in the public libraries and museums. Having heard of an Oratorian Father who went by the name of “the Father Astronomer,” they begged him of his charity to give them some lessons in practical astronomy, to this Father’s infinite amusement; who assured them that all his science consisted in correcting the other European Calendars according to the meridian of Lisbon.

In these occupations two months had run by, when one day Mr. Edward Stack made his appearance, with the tidings of a ship that was soon to sail for Macao, with her owner Mr. Nunez who was also going to make the voyage. Rejoiced at this glad news, the missionaries hastened to the Nuncio’s residence to bid him farewell, little expecting that their hopes would be thus soon overcast. The Nuncio argued with them long and seriously, suggesting that without the Pope’s approbation, which they did not seem to have expressly, they could hardly appear in the charac-

ter of Jesuits on the missions, in a country where the decree suppressing the Society of Jesus had been put into execution; that moreover no Portuguese vessel would take them on board unless they were presented in the name of the Pope; and, finally, that the Portuguese government was very jealous of foreigners landing on their colonial possessions. The Fathers replied to this, that they felt satisfied that they had the consent of the Pope, since their Superior General was in correspondence with Rome, where he had an agent residing, Fr. Gaetano Angiolini; but that as they had no brief to produce in certification of this consent, they relied on their letters of recommendation to Mr. Vasilavicz, who, they were sure, could set his Excellency at rest on this head. The prelate was pleased with this explanation; nevertheless, he told them, that it was necessary to write without delay to Rome and to Russia, on a point of such paramount importance. The fathers, accordingly, hastened to comply with these directions. In the letter to Russia, they added (a necessary matter) that their funds were run out and they saw no means of renewing them. Owing to the long delays incurred, especially at Lisbon, their goodly purse was nearly empty, and would have been entirely exhausted but for the kindness of Father James Jourdan, who had procured some money for them from his parents at Lisbon. Yet they had incurred no unnecessary expenses, limiting themselves even in diet to one meal a day, and that consisting only of soup and one course of meat, an economy to which the strictest interpretation of religious poverty would not have bound them.

Letters travelled slowly in those days from Lisbon to St. Petersburg. So they devoted the intervening time to science. After many enquiries they found a man who could teach them some practical astronomy. The "*Ephémérides nautiques*" of Portugal were directed by a French émigré, Count Damoiseau de Montfort. To this man they applied. And he took pleasure in teaching them the use

of the astronomical tables and the method of calculating the results for the Naval Observations and for the almanacs. The missionaries worked out the operations for themselves, applying the formulas step by step, in all the calculations which the Count made for his "Ephémérides" and then, if an error had escaped them, they were able to detect it by comparing results. Thus were they preparing themselves to be eminently useful at Peking in editing the Calendar; for the Chinese were inferior to Europeans in this science, being unable to attempt such high calculations—a fact which served providentially to the propagation of Christianity among that people.

When at length a letter returned from Russia addressed to Fr. Korsack, it conveyed merely an order from Very Rev. Thaddeus Brzozowski, then General of the Society of Jesus, to make his solemn profession of the four vows in the hands of the Apostolic Nuncio. His Grace was pleased to receive it before many witnesses in his own palace, March 2, 1806, giving him a written attestation of the fact; and he continued to treat them with as much kindness as ever, and so much the more that the Russian minister had recommended them to his favor.

About this time the Fathers were notified of two ships that were to leave Lisbon, one for Canton, the other for Macao; but they offered but a precarious chance and such conditions as would have hampered the missionaries and could not be accepted by them. In the month of February, a French priest, called Francis Hanalt, was passing through Lisbon on his way from Rome to the mission of Malabar, in his capacity of missionary priest of the Propaganda, to take the place of Fr. Manenti, a Sicilian ex-Jesuit, who was exhausted and unable to continue any longer his missionary labors. This excellent priest being friendly to the Jesuits, called in to see the Fathers, and let them know, that their project had created much excitement at the Propaganda at Rome and had met with opposition from that quarter—a

piece of information that was confirmed soon afterwards by Fr. Gaetano Angiolini in a letter dated from Sicily, Feb. 28, 1806. Now was a darker horizon revealed to them than ever before: they realized that there was none but a distant prospect of attaining the post assigned them by holy obedience. So they settled themselves down to a solid year of study, and with this intent they thought of going to Coimbra, where there was a University and an Observatory in full operation. The Abbé José Monteiro da Rocha, an ex-Jesuit, had begun the Observatory, and to him they had intended to apply; but were dissuaded by Father Sala, a member of the Society, who told them that that Abbé was very hostile to the Society. In fact, he had delivered a Latin discourse at the University of Coimbra in praise of Pombal, extolling him to the skies for having annihilated the Society. Fr. Sala read to them some passages from that discourse, where Pombal is lauded for having accomplished "an extraordinary and difficult enterprise—a superhuman undertaking, more worthy of fame than all the victories of generals and the heroic achievements of history." The Nuncio approved of their design of going to Coimbra, and gave them a letter of introduction addressed to Antonio Jozé Sariva de Amaral, one of the Professors of that University.

With this recommendation the two Fathers set out on April 12, leaving the brother behind at Lisbon. They obtained full access to the Observatory attached to the University, and on every occasion they found the officials very obliging and very ready to explain to them whatever they desired to know. After two months practice in taking observations, they made up their minds to return to Lisbon, since they had learnt all that would be of use to them, and they could find no one sufficiently versed in science to teach them higher astronomy. On the way back to the Capital, they saw the body of Pombal lying at Pombal exposed without sepulture.

Arriving at Lisbon, they found a letter awaiting them from Fr. Strickland, of the date of June 4. This contained extracts from recent letters written by Fr. Glé, which instructed them to continue to fit themselves more and more for their mission, while abiding quietly at Lisbon the turn of events at Rome; for measures were being taken, to obtain the Pope's full sanction for them to enter Peking in quality of Jesuits, and there were fair hopes of success. Besides it held out to them a probability of pecuniary assistance from the Emperor Alexander. And this came true the next day, when His Excellency the minister sent for them, and communicated to them the orders he had received to keep them in funds; which he did liberally, whenever the Fathers applied for them.

The newspapers about this time reported, that the embassy to China had not succeeded, owing to a point of etiquette which was proudly insisted on by the Chinese Court, and as proudly refused by Count Golowkin, whose Russian dignity could not brook such insolence offered to the representative of the Emperor of the Russias.

Bad news from another quarter came to the Nuncio in a letter from the Abbé Marchini, the Procurator General of the Propaganda at Macao. He recounted, how a missionary had enclosed a map of China in a letter destined for Europe, how the Christian entrusted with the letter had been arrested on his way to Macao and searched, how the letter with the map had been found on his person, and how the matter had been reported to the Emperor. This was more than enough to arouse the suspicions of the jealous Chinese. The Emperor forthwith fulminated an order for the arrest of that missionary, who was immediately cast into prison; and he thundered forth vengeance against missionaries in general and all Christians. There was every reason to fear, added the dispatch, that all the missionaries would be driven out of Peking. The Chinese were contemplating entrusting their Calendar to the Russians. Four French

missionaries had been waiting at Canton four long years, expecting an imperial decree to allow them to penetrate as far as Peking; and having finally received permission they were preparing to set out, when the order was countermanded, and they were even bid to depart from Canton at the earliest opportunity—this, it was said, in consequence of a letter from the King of England to the Emperor of China, in which the French were much abused.

Such untoward events the Nuncio judged wholly inauspicious for the enterprise of the missionaries. Having a translation in Italian of the Chinese edict, he allowed them to take two copies of it, one to be addressed to the General of the Society, and the other, at the request of the Russian Minister to be forwarded to St. Petersburg.

But soon after another very important and consoling letter arrived, Dec. 2, 1806. It was Cardinal Casoni, Secretary of State, notifying the Nuncio that the Pope granted full sanction to the mission of the Jesuits, and instructing his Excellency to help them in their enterprise with all his influence. This Mgr. Caleppi communicated to the missionaries, insisting, nevertheless, on the prudence of waiting patiently while so many obstacles were presented on the part of the Portuguese. The latest news from the East, he added, reported the outbreak of persecution—already had two of the most prominent Christians been driven into exile for their constancy in the faith, and the Portuguese settlers at Macao intended to take advantage of the hostility of the Chinese, to rid their colony of the missionaries altogether. The governor of Macao had recently received two missionaries with this ominous remark: "If the King of Portugal wants to lose this colony," he said, "he does well to send us these Chinese missionaries: it is clear, that His Majesty is not cognizant of the state of feeling in his colonies."

Perhaps it looks suspicious, that the Pope's sanction had been obtained so readily in spite of the opposition of the Propaganda to the Jesuit missionaries. But a glance at

the relations then existing between Rome and St. Petersburg will clear up the mystery. A papal Nuncio had been accustomed to reside at St. Petersburg, as at the other capitals of the Catholic nations of Europe, until an unfortunate accident broke off these friendly relations. For an official in the service of Russia, a French émigré, had been arrested at Rome by the French Revolutionists, without any interference from the Government at Rome. Though the Pontifical Court alleged their ignorance of the fact, the Czar took umbrage that the Pope had allowed the offense to go unpunished, and he dismissed the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Arezzo. Since that, the Pope had been solicitous to conciliate the powerful Court of St. Petersburg, seizing upon every occasion and trying many expedients, but in vain, to renew an alliance which he deemed potent in its influence for religion and for the good of the Papal States; and this petition from the General of the Jesuits—whom the Czar was proud to acknowledge as his protégé—seemed to be a favorable opportunity. Neither had Very Rev. Father Brzozowski at St. Petersburg been blind to the occasion, in his interview with the Czar's minister. In acquainting him with the embarrassing circumstances of the Jesuit missionaries at Lisbon, he hinted that the approbation of the Pope was what was needed to remove the obstacles to their embarkation, and that this would be granted readily, if asked in the name of the Czar. The minister authorized him, to submit the petition to His Holiness as a favor gratifying to His Majesty the Emperor. And thus was facilitated the grant of the sanction, so much desired by the Jesuit Fathers, and so necessary for the success of their mission—conferring upon them, besides the permission to go to Peking in the capacity of Jesuit missionaries, all the powers and privileges, which the Society before its suppression had enjoyed on those missions, *exempt from the jurisdiction of the Vicars Apostolic.*

But this grant from the Pope did not hasten their depar-

ture. Notwithstanding the letter and instructions from the Cardinal Secretary of State, they found the Nuncio at their next visit in a very bad humor, which he took no pains to conceal. "I have heard" he said, "that your Superiors suspect the sincerity of my dealings with you. Well, if your General wishes you to rush into destruction, I can take no part in measures that will ensure your ruin." To add weight to his words, he produced a letter from Cardinal Di Pietro forbidding the departure for China of a certain Franciscan, Fr. Antonio da Cajazzo, because persecution was raging throughout the country. Even Macao was not safe; for Abbè Marchini, the Procurator of the Propaganda, had been obliged to retire from that city to the Philippine Islands.

This speech of Mgr. Caleppi afflicted the good Fathers, who had always found the Nuncio very kind. They expressed their regret at the injustice done to His Excellency, assuring him that they could not account for such a report, as in their letters they had had nothing to say of him that was not good and gracious. This seemed to pacify the prelate considerably. He treated them as hospitably and as familiarly as ever. And after a few months, a letter arrived from the General of the Society expressly denying the imputation of these rumors, which must have been spread by designing men.

The Fathers did not devote all their time to the study of science: other occupations also engaged their attention. Thus, Fr. Korsack, who spoke German, had a German Protestant under instruction. This convert made his profession of faith before the Bishop of Meliapore, then residing at the Tavora palace. The Fathers, on that occasion, were introduced to the Marchioness of Tavora, the only one remaining of the House of Tavora, a mercy which she owed to the special favor of the King Dom Joseph, when Pombal was bent on exterminating the Tavoras and Aveiros.

Fr. Grassi, on his part, was occupied in giving lessons in

Mathematics to the eldest son of Count Arcos. This gentleman's grandmother had known the Jesuits at court.

A year had thus gone by, when on Sept. 5, 1807, the Nuncio summoned the missionaries to his palace. He had received letters patent from the Propaganda, signed by the Cardinal Secretary of State to His Holiness, which declared that permission was given to the Father Norbert Korsack and to the Father Anthony Grassi, Religious of the Society of Jesus, to go to Pekin in quality of missionaries, "*provided only that they be subject to the jurisdiction of the Vicars Apostolic, like all the other missionaries of the Propaganda.*"

The Nuncio himself could not withhold his astonishment after reading this document: it was so inconsistent, that these letters should be sent on the authority of Cardinal Casoni! and disagree with the tenor of the Cardinal's own letter. The fathers felt as if a bombshell had fallen in their midst, so completely were they taken aback at this *coup d'état*: they had nothing to say.

They wrote immediately to acquaint Father General, who, no doubt, had meanwhile received the information through his correspondent in Rome. In consequence, the 23rd of September brought them an answer, that His Paternity judged it useless for them to remain any longer in Portugal, especially in view of the threatened invasion by the French. They were therefore to return to England, at once, and to repair to Stonyhurst College, where they could await further instructions.

The Fathers accordingly sold their optical instruments and other apparatus, as quickly as they could, reserving some instruments however to present to Count de Montfort, in token of gratitude for his instructions and kindness in aiding them to calculate for the correction of the Calendar. Other articles they left with the Marquis Castel-Melhor, whose family was very friendly to the Society—and these were at a later period sent on to England.

The Nuncio, too, was anxious to leave Portugal before the

invasion, and he was preparing with all his court to pass over to Brazil. He strongly approved of the missionaries' return to England to await times more favorable to their project, and he graciously made out for them a written declaration in praise of their conduct during the two years of their sojourn at Lisbon. This was afterwards forwarded to Russia.

At length, Oct. 16, 1805, the three Jesuits embarked for England on the British vessel *Anna*, which formed one of a flotilla of sixty eight merchantmen. These vessels bore the English residents in Portugal, with their families and effects. A royal frigate convoyed the flotilla as a protection against French cruisers. In these circumstances a young French Priest made their acquaintance, who was desirous of entering the Society: his name was Montardier, and he was chaplain to the Weld family of Lulworth Castle, England. The captain of the vessel *Anna* was an enthusiastic Free-Mason. The voyage, usually from ten to fifteen days, continued for forty days; for a circuit was made to the west of about 180 leagues, to avoid the French men-of-war. And after that, a succession of heavy gales set in, in which one vessel went down just beside the *Anna*, another was dismasted, and two more ran ashore by night and suffered grievous damages. But misfortunes seldom come singly. Owing to the protracted voyage, their supply of biscuit and wine ran out on the *Anna*, and even drinking water was failing. The frigate helped them with four barrels of biscuits; and heaven supplied them with drink by a hail-storm so copious as to cover the deck two feet in depth. This the captain ordered to be gathered in casks; but when it melted, it had such a smell of tar, that the passengers felt it necessary to hold their nostrils while drinking. I add to this, that the poor Fathers were stretched out on the bare planks, through want of mattresses, that the sea-sickness hardly left them during the whole voyage, that they barely touched food, suffered bitterly from the

cold, and were cramped for room—and you can imagine how glad they were to sight Liverpool at last.

They disembarked on the Liverpool landing stage on the 16th of November, 1807. Thus they had the happiness of saying Mass on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, after which they accepted the hospitable invitation of Fr. Sewall, an American Jesuit, who took them to his mission at Portico; and there they soon forgot the ills of travelling in the warmth of lavish charity. This excellent Priest had two other Jesuits—invalids—in his house: they were seven in all at table; and it was remarkable that they represented seven nationalities—American, English, French, German, Italian, Polish and Belgian.

After getting their trunks once more through the custom-house, they set out for Stonyhurst and arrived at the College on Dec. 21, 1807. It need not be added that they shared the princely hospitality for which that community is known. There they soon made themselves at home: after they had recovered from their fatigue, Fr. Korsack, was appointed to the Chair of Moral Theology, and Fr. Grassi was put to give lessons in Italian to the secular students and to teach Latin to the young postulant, Montardier. The lay-brother, who was a sculptor, found plenty of work to his taste. Meanwhile the two Fathers took lessons in the higher Mathematics from Fr. Simpson, a Frenchman.

The whole year 1808 passed away silently as to Peking and their mission. In November of that year, after the opening of classes, Fr. Korsack was entrusted with the cabinet of physics to which were attached the professorships of mechanics, optics, and astronomy; besides this he taught metaphysics to the course of philosophy of the second year. Towards the close of that scholastic year, he gave an exhibition in the natural sciences, according to the custom then prevailing in the Colleges of the Society.

All this time, the General had not lost sight of their original destination. He insisted strongly on their studies in calculus and astronomy; he urged them to perfect them-

selves in taking observations and in chemical experiments. The better to fulfil his desires, it was decided that they should both repair to London; and they did so in the beginning of January, 1810. There they applied at the office of "The Nautical Almanac," which is the most reliable scientific paper in the English marine service; and one of the writers agreed to give them lessons, in consideration of *a guinea* a visit. The Fathers accepted his condition; but to avoid such expensive visits as far as possible, they practised a great deal in private, and had recourse to their professor only when there were difficulties to be explained.

On April 10, that same year, a letter came from the General bidding them pack up and return to Russia, in the hope that a passage to China would be feasible, over land, through Independent Tartary. But another despatch arrived, a few days afterwards, desiring them not to leave England yet, as it was proposed to send them to America.

They departed from London, however, having no longer any object in staying at that capital; for Fr. Korsack had become expert in chemistry, and Fr. Grassi sufficiently so in astronomy for all that would be required on the mission.

So they found themselves again under the towers of Stonyhurst, July 25, whither the tidings of their final destination had preceded them. The English Provincial, Fr. Stone, had written to the General to leave the Fathers in England; and in the expectation of a favorable answer he had intended Fr. Korsack to teach theology, and Fr. Grassi physics, at Stonyhurst. Well; "man proposes, and God disposes." By the letter of Father General, the two were at last to part company. Fr. Korsack remained at Stonyhurst; while Fr. Grassi was sent to America—to the College of Georgetown, near Washington, in the United States. He sailed from Liverpool, August 27, 1810—and on Oct. 20, he landed in Baltimore, and from that city was soon conducted to the post assigned him by obedience.

The Chinese Mission remained a forbidden field for the zeal of Jesuits until 1841.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF FR. ANTHONY
KOHLMANN, S. J., WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT
OF HIS LIFE.

We are happy to publish in our domestic periodical some letters of Rev. Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, S. J., lately copied from the original found in the Archives of the English Province.

Father Kohlmann is to be ranked among the lights of the new Society, and its most celebrated members in America, where he spent seventeen years of his laborious and saintly life. Born at Kaysersberg near Colmar, July 13, 1771, he was, at an early age, compelled by the French Revolution to seek in Switzerland, an asylum for his studies and piety. Having completed his theological course in Fribourg at the famous College created by Blessed Peter Canisius, he received there holy orders, and soon after, in 1796, he joined the congregation of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart.

With an indefatigable and truly apostolic zeal, he labored in Austria and Italy. Hundreds of times he exposed his life during the dreadful plague which at the close of the last century made so many victims among the inhabitants of Hagenbrunn. And it is difficult to form even a faint idea of the hardships Fr. Kohlmann underwent in the military hospitals of Padua, and Pavia, where the victims of war were crowding in unceasingly. At one time there were in the three hospitals of the latter town three thousand sick, and but two priests to attend to them. Moreover, they were all from different quarters of Europe, different in tongue as well as in religion, heaped together, in the most needy and pitiful state as for their body, and much more as for their souls. During about two years which Fr. Kohlmann

passed among them, he had to practise daily heroic acts of mortification, charity and zeal:—but God in his mercy granted him the only reward he wished for. He had almost all who were Catholics admitted to the reception of the Sacraments of the Church, and many hundreds of Protestants converted to the true faith.

From Italy he was sent by his Superiors, in those stormy and ever changing times, first to Dillingen in Bavaria, as director of the Ecclesiastical Seminary, then to Berlin, and lastly to Amsterdam to preside over the College established by the Fathers of the Faith of Jesus, to whom the Fathers of the Sacred Heart were united since the 18th of April, 1799. But the moment had arrived for Fr. Kohlmann to see realized the longing desire of his life. Pope Pius VII. had acknowledged and approved the Society of Jesus existing in Russia; and the Jesuits were allowed to have a Novitiate at Dunebourg.* There, on the 21st of June, 1803, Fr. Kohlmann was admitted. He was already far advanced in perfection, but this new life gave a fresh impulse to his fervor, so that being considered by all as a model, and having in a short time become a true son of St. Ignatius, he was sent to the United States during the second year of his Noviceship. From Georgetown where he was *Socius* to Fr. Neale, Master of Novices, he went to give missions to several German congregations of Pennsylvania, to the German Church in Baltimore, and attended the Congregation at Alexandria, Va.

In October, 1808, we find him in New York as Vicar General and Rector of the very large and neglected congregation there existing.—He, with his worthy coadjutor Fr. B. Fenwick, began at once to stir up the piety of the faithful, and to spread among the Protestants, with the teaching of Catholic faith, the sweet fragrance of religious virtues. The increased number of Catholics in New York called loudly for the erection of a new church, and Fr. Kohlmann having purchased a large plot of ground in what was then the unoccupied space between Broadway and

the Bowery road laid the corner stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 8th of June, 1809.—A College also was then established under the name of the New York Literary Institution, which did the greatest credit to our religion, and warranted the brightest hopes for its future interests.

It was during his ministry in the city of New York that Fr. Kohlmann by his firmness in resisting the orders of a tribunal, which called upon him to reveal the secrets of the confessional, rendered an important service to religion. The case produced a great sensation throughout the Union, and the unflinching conduct of the Catholic priest was the occasion of an act of the Legislature of New York by which any renewal of the attempt in future was prevented. Fr. Kohlmann published the whole proceeding, followed by a full exposition of the Catholic faith on the Sacrament of Penance, under the title of "Catholic Question in America." Some years after, he published in Washington another controversial and very learned work "Unitarianism, Theologically and Philosophically considered" in refutation of Mr. Jared Sparks and other Unitarian Ministers.—Anxious to supply all wants, he introduced in New York the Ursuline Sisters, whom he received through Fr. Betagh, S. J.,* from the celebrated Blackrock convent at Cork, in Ireland.

After the arrival of the Right Rev. John Connolly, second Bishop of New York, Fr. Kohlmann was recalled to Maryland, and was named successively Master of Novices at Georgetown, Superior General of the whole Mission, on the departure of Fr. Grassi, 1817, and professor at the Washington Seminary.

But the time had come for him to be called to a much more responsible duty. Pope Leo XII. in 1824, had

* Very Rev. Fr. Thomas Betagh, S. J., died at Dublin on the 16th of February, 1811. How much esteemed and loved he was, the following inscription will tell. It was engraved on a monument erected to his memory in the Chapel of SS. Michael and John, Lower Exchange Street,

restored the Roman College to the Society, and professors were summoned from different Provinces to correspond to the wishes of the generous Pontiff and to continue the glorious traditions of that celebrated Institution. From America, Fr. Kohlmann was called to Rome for the opening of the classes, and he was appointed to the chair of theology, which he filled for five years with so much distinction, as to win the particular esteem and love of the Pope:—it was even said that the Sovereign Pontiff intended to confer on him the dignity of the Cardinalship. At that time, his Eminence, Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, was a student of the Propaganda, and defended in a public

Dublin, on the Epistle Side of the Altar.

“Glory to God, most good, most great.”

“This Marble,

Christian Brother, presents to your view, the likeness of

The Very Rev. Thomas Betagh, S. J.

(Vicar General of the Arch-Diocese of Dublin),

And during more than twenty years

The excellent and most vigilant pastor of this parish,

Who glowing with charity towards God and his neighbour,

Was ever indefatigable in his ministry,

Teaching, preaching, and exerting all his powers

To confirm the true christian in ‘the faith once delivered to the Saints,’

And to bring back the straying into the ways of Salvation.

His chief delight and happiness it was

To instruct the young, especially the needy and the orphan,

In Religion, Piety and Learning,

And to forward and cherish them with affection truly paternal.

His zeal for the Salvation of souls

Continued to burn with undiminished ardour,

Until the last moment of his life,

When worn down by lingering illness, and incessant labours,

This good and faithful servant delivered up his soul to God

In the year of his age, 73, and of our Redemption, 1811.

May he rest in peace.

To this most deserving man, the ornament of his Priesthood and his
Country,

The Clergy and people of Dublin who attended his funeral,

With most mournful solemnity and unexampled concourse,

Have erected this monument as a lasting memorial of their love and
Gratitude.”

act of theology. Among all the professors who had to object against and test the deep knowledge and quick fencing of the young theologian, Fr. Kohlmann was particularly noticed, and the Sovereign Pontiff, who was present, deigned to express to him his delight and satisfaction. On another occasion having been charged by the Pope to examine the acts of a Council held in Transylvania, he merited the highest praise as well for his profound learning and vast erudition, as for his promptness in the accomplishment of his task.

Gregory XVI. did not differ from his predecessor with regard to Fr. Kohlmann. Being already member of the Congregations of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and of Bishops and Regulars, and Consultor of the Roman Inquisition, he was promoted by this glorious Pontiff to the office of *Qualificator* of the same tribunal of the Inquisition. The last part of his life, Fr. Kohlmann spent at the Gesù, in the constant practice of every virtue, and of an ever-working and untiring zeal for the salvation of souls. He devoted himself to the ministry of reconciliation in the holy tribunal of penance with such assiduous care that he wished to go to the Church to hear confessions till within three days of his death. And God blessed his labors with abundant fruits of sanctification, and numbers of striking conversions. Among others, it was Fr. Kohlmann who reconciled to God, Augustine Theiner after many years of doubts, errors and wanderings. May the recollection of this venerable Father by whom he was admitted to the participation of the Sacraments on the Wednesday in Holy Week, April 3d, 1833, and of whom with a grateful remembrance, he published a feeling notice after his death, have been present to his mind and cheered his last moments when lately he was himself about to die in Civita Vecchia!

Surrounded by the esteem of all who ever knew him, enjoying the affectionate benevolence of the most illustrious persons, Fr. Kohlmann had always through humility a low

opinion of himself, and particularly showed his kind affection towards our lay-Brothers, who in return loved and respected him as a father. A holy death closed a life so full of works and merits. In 1836, during Lent and Easter time, he overtasked himself as he felt that his labors were at an end. On the 8th of April he was attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, which within three days brought him to the grave: his ardent faith shone forth with an exceptional brightness when he received the holy Viaticum, and shortly after he calmly slept in the Lord. Many pious persons after his demise solicited as a great favor some particle of anything he had made use of during life; and his memory has remained among all in benediction.

In bonitate et alacritate animæ suæ placuit Deo.

Eccli. xlv. 29.

I.

TO THE MOST REV. MR. STRICKLAND,* POLAND ST. LONDON.

New York in North America,

7 Nov., 1808.

REV. FATHER AND DEAR SIR,

P. C.

Your favor of the 6th Sept. was delivered to me at the beginning of October in the City of New York, where our

* Father William Strickland, Son of Thomas Strickland, Esq., was born at Sizergh, near Kendal, on the 28th of Oct. 1731. Having renounced his title to the family estate in favor of his brother Charles, he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Watten, about two leagues from St. Omer, on the 7th of Sept., 1748. He was ordained priest at Liege, June 13th, 1756, and after teaching Philosophy for some time, was sent to the Alnwick Mission, where his moderation, urbanity and talents won the esteem of all. He was admitted to the profession of the Four Vows, on the 2nd of February, 1766. At the suppression of the Society, he was chiefly instrumental in keeping up the Academy at Liege, and, in 1783, became its second President, on the death of Fr. John Howard. His success in this new office may be inferred from the following tribute paid to him, at that time, by Fr. John Thorpe: "Mr.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Carroll has thought proper to send me in the capacity of Rector of this immense Congregation and Vicar General of this Diocess till the arrival of the Rt. Rev. Richard Luca Concanen, Bishop of New York. The Congregation chiefly consists of Irish, some hundreds of French, and as many Germans, in all according to the common estimation of 14,000 souls. Rev. Mr. Fenwick, a young Father of our Society distinguished for his learning and piety, has been sent along with me.

I was no sooner arrived in this City, and, behold, the Trustees though before our arrival they had not spent a cent for the reparation and furniture of their Clergyman's house, laid out for the said purpose above \$800.—All seem to revive at the very name of the Society though yet little known in this part of the country. The scandals given in this Congregation, as almost everywhere else, by the clergymen have brought it very near its ruin. Our immediate predecessors, though respectable in every regard, could not prevent its speedy decay. Almighty God seems to have permitted

Strickland will merit a statue on earth, besides the reward he may expect in heaven, if he can raise up the ruins and disjointed fragments into a solid structure. Liege is happy in having him to succeed Mr. Howard." This difficult work he did accomplish, and then having installed the Rev. Marmaduke Stone, as his successor, he fixed his residence in London, where he acted as Procurator for his brethren. He had also the consolation of seeing the flourishing establishment at Stonyhurst become one of the first houses of education in Europe. After a long life of most useful labours, Fr. Strickland died at No. 11 Poland St., London, April 23rd, 1819, and was buried at St. Pancras, where his assistant and friend, Rev. Edward Scott, thus inscribed a stone to his memory :

Hic Jacet
Gulielmus Strickland
De Sizergh, S. J.
Sacerdos : Familia Nobilis
Doctrina praestans, morum sanctitate
Ac vitae simplicitate admirabilis.
Vixit annos 88 et placida morte
Obdormivit in Domino die 23 Aprilis
1819
R. I. P.

this, to furnish the Society with an opportunity of diffusing the good odor of it, and of disposing the minds to favor its establishment. May we be so happy as to produce these desirable effects upon the public mind!

I have brought along with me four young masters of our Society to erect a College in this City, and with the divine assistance I hope we shall succeed. We live all together in the same house observing our religious discipline as much as it is consistent with our present situation.

There is the finest prospect for establishing a College in Philadelphia. A certain Mr. Wellers, who by his unremitting exertions has carried on very important works for the good of Religion, has promised to build a College in one year, provided the Society furnish him with some masters. Four or five suffice, at least in the beginning, for a College in this Country, because if the pupils desire to go beyond the inferiora, they may be sent to the College of Georgetown.

At this critical moment of the appointment of five new Bishops, the great point for the Society is to take possession of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, for fear we be prevented by others. The establishing of Colleges in the said cities is too the only means of increasing and propagating the Society. I hope therefore your Reverence will back, with a few lines, my petition to our Rt. Rev. Fr. General for a new supply of Fathers of the Society for this country, seeing that nowhere they can be better employed than here. I perfectly coincide with your Reverence in thinking that this country wants but the solid establishment of the Society to become in a short time for the most part Catholic.

On the 10th of August the Lord was pleased to call Mr. Joseph Kelly, a pattern of religious perfection, blind obedience and holy simplicity, to his triumphant Society in heaven, after having foretold the day of his death, etc.

I thank your Reverence for the agreeable account of the prosperous state of Stonyhurst College. Our loving God

gives us manifest proofs of His approving of our undertaking, that we cannot, it seems, be too much confiding in His All Powerful protection. It gave me no small pleasure to read that so well circumstanced prophecy of St. Theresa. I was always extremely delighted in reading in V. F. Lancius, the remarkable predictions respecting our little Society. According to them, to die in it and be a predestinate are synonymous. What a felicity!

As to the finding out of the name of a merchant, who may unload at the mouth of the *Chesabec*, the packet being ready for sail, it is impossible for the present to find out any.

It will be always a great deal of pleasure to receive from time to time a few lines from your Reverence. Not to miss the packet I will conclude by recommending me to your Holy Sacrifices. I am respectfully,

Reverend Father and dear sir,

Your most obedient and humble brother in Xt.,

ANTHONY KOHLMANN, S. J.

There are a few secular priests, whom your Reverence would not guess at, who doubt the legal existence of the Society in this country. Our Most Rev. Archbishop seems to be of the same opinion on account of our not being furnished with an Apostolic Brief, though he favors the Society in every respect. Without the Pontifical Rescript we will meet with some difficulties in reclaiming our estates in Maryland, though, by and by, I hope we shall get them back.

II.

TO THE SAME.

New York, 14th Sept., 1810.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.

Your letter of the 4th of May was duly delivered to me yesterday, and inspired me with a new courage to pursue

the work the Lord has begun in His infinite goodness, and which continues to bless above all my conception. And indeed it is but two years that we are arrived in this city, without having a cent in our pocket, not even our passage money, which the Trustees paid for Fr. Fenwick and me, and to my other brothers now residing in the College, I forwarded it from this place; and to see things so far advanced as to see not only the Catholic religion highly respected by the first characters of the city, but even a Catholic College established, the house well furnished both in town and in the College; improvements made in the College for four or five hundred dollars, without any other debt but that of the property, of which we have paid already fifteen hundred dollars, with a well founded prospect to pay off the whole in the space of three or four years at length, is a thing which I am at a loss to conceive and which I cannot ascribe but to the infinite liberality of the Lord, to Whom alone, therefore, be all glory and honor.

The College is in the centre not of Long Island but of the Island of New York, the most delightful and most healthy spot of the whole Island, at a distance of four small miles from the city, and of half a mile from the East and North rivers, both of which are seen from the house; situated besides between two roads, which are very much frequented, opposite to the botanic gardens, which belong to the State. It has adjacent to it a beautiful lawn, garden, orchard, etc. About a month ago we gave a public examination, advertised in the papers, on which occasion premiums were distributed, speeches delivered, all which gave great satisfaction to the respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen who attended on the occasion. Everyone thinks that if the reputation of the house be kept up, it will in a short time rivalize any College in this country. I expect we shall have thirty boarders for the beginning of next month.

This city will always be the first city in America, on ac-

count of its advantageous situation for commerce. From the West Indies parents will send their children to this port in preference to any other. The professors of the State's or Columbia College have sent us, these two years past, a kind invitation to accompany, at what they call the annual commencement, the procession of the students from the College to some or other Church, where speeches are delivered and degrees conferred: they had never paid that attention to the Catholic clergy before.

The College is on the following footing: Rev. Fr. Benedict Fenwick, an excellent scholar, has resided in it these two months; but I find by experience that to attend about fourteen thousand souls is too heavy a work for one man, and so he will probably live again in the city, and visit the College once a week. I generally come out on Saturday to hear confessions, etc., etc. There lives also in the College a Spanish priest, who speaks also Italian, but little English, a man of good morals and much beloved by the pupils. Brother Wallace, a Scholastic of the Society, is our master of mathematics, one of the ablest in the United States. Brother White, Scholastic also of the Society, is professor of the English, Latin and Greek tongues, with which he is well acquainted. The teacher of the French language is a native of France, much esteemed in town for his knowledge, but does not reside in the house. Rev. Mr. Green, now at Kensington, would be of infinite service here at the head of this College. Nothing should be wanting to him; food, diet, climate and people are as good as in any country in the world, besides an ample field for doing good, etc. If then, your Reverence would succeed in persuading him to come over to New York, you would promote the cause of the Society in a very material manner; for I am under the necessity of calling Fr. Fenwick, who till now presided in the College, to the city to assist me. * * * * Rev. Mr. Flaget, nominated Bishop of Kentucky, a Sulpician, arrived from France a fortnight ago with a deacon, postulant

of the Society, who is now in the noviceship. According to his accounts our Holy Father has been dragged from the prison of Savona to the Castle of Turin, where he is strictly guarded. * * * *

Be pleased to let me know what a good electrifying machine, a *machina pneumatica* or air pump, a good telescope and a machine for surveying, and the most essential instruments for navigation would come to. Such a like apparatus would strike the American people more than anything else. We have the finest set of globes in America, which cost us \$160.

I recommend myself to your Reverence's Holy Sacrifices, and remain, with the deepest veneration,

Reverend and dear Father,

Your most humble and obedient servant in Xt,

ANTH. KOHLMANN, S. J.

III.

TO THE SAME.

New York, 28th Nov., 1810.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Rev. Fr. Grassi, to my inexpressible joy, arrived about a month ago in Baltimore, and resides at present in Georgetown College. I do not as yet know what will be his employment, but it is probable that he will succeed Rev. Fr. Enoch Fenwick in the vice presidentship of the said College, who (Fr. Fenwick) has been long since applied for by our Most Rev. Archbishop to live with him in Baltimore and to attend to the congregation which, by the death of the Rev. Mr. Beeston, became vacant. I wish this worthy Father had landed in our port; I might then have acquainted him with the right situation of our affairs, which information, at the advice of our Most Rev. Archbishop, he ardently wishes for, but which I cannot commit to paper.

By this same packet I write to Rev. Mr. Muth, chaplain of the German Chapel erected last year in London. He was for two years my novice in the *Pacanarian Congregation*, and was with me in Italy before he was priest. He is an excellent young man, well informed, and had always an intention to become a Jesuit. I exhort him to join us, and to apply to your Reverence in case he should make up his mind.*

Since Rev. Mr. Fenwick, my worthy companion, resides at our College, I stand in an absolute need of an assistant priest, and I wish that no clergymen but such as are members of the Society should come into this State, and that this State should be properly a settlement of the Society. * * * * To make this city a central place of the Society and a nursery of Jesuit laborers through the Northern States of America, is the more easy, that Divine Providence has disposed things in such a manner as to leave this diocese under my immediate jurisdiction, *sede vacante*, conformably to a Bull of Benedict XIV.

I was always of opinion, that, to cause religion to flourish in this country, three things are essentially necessary : 1st, a Catholic College for the education of the male youth ; 2dly, a nunnery for the education of young ladies ; and 3dly, an orphan house conducted by nuns. The first of these objects is partly accomplished in this State by the establishment of our College, which, thanks to God, is in a very prosperous way. In the space of about eight months we received thirty-six pupils, that is as many as the house can possibly admit, among whom are the son of the late Governor Livingstone and the son of the present Governor Tompkins, who are both very willing to support with all their credit, the petition of a lottery we are about presenting to the Legislature. For the second object I have written to Dublin, to Rev. Fr. Betagh, to get some Ursulines

*He was reputed quite a Saint in London, and died at Preston (St. Ignatius'), 5th May, 1841.

towards next spring. I hope the Lord will bless this second undertaking as well as the first, being no less conducive to his glory than the former. After this, if the Almighty grants, we shall think of establishing an orphan house and getting some nuns of the Order of the Presentation, flourishing at present in Ireland.

I just now received a letter from our Rt. Rev. Father General, dated August 22d, in which he promises to send two other Fathers to America, expresses his joy at the establishment of our College, and warmly recommends to introduce everywhere the salutary and amiable devotion of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

In union with the Sacred Hearts,

I remain most respectfully,

Rev. and dear Father,

Your most humble and obedient brother,

ANTH. KOHLMANN, S. J.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

*Letter from Rev. Fr. Petit, S. J., to Rev. Fr. Davaugour, S. J.,
Procurator-General of the Missions in North America.*

(Continued.)

In December, 1729, we received at New Orleans the sad news, that the Natchez had attacked and murdered nearly all the French settlers in their territories. The first account of the disaster was brought by a Frenchman who had narrowly escaped the fury of the murderers by a wearisome flight. His statement was confirmed by numbers of fugi-

tives that succeeded in outwitting the vigilance of the savages, and to reach their last asylum in safety; these and the Frenchwomen, who had been rescued from a cruel captivity among the Natchez, have given us a detailed view of the course of the insurrection. The first rumors of the dreadful calamity filled all New Orleans with the greatest grief: so much so, that, though it had occurred many miles off, the consternation was as great, as if it had happened under our very eyes. Everybody had something to weep for: one his relatives, another a dear friend, another his goods. As it was with reason feared that all the Indians had conspired against the French, nobody here thought himself safe.

The war of extermination began on Monday, November 28, at nine o'clock A. M. The Natchez thought they had good reasons to complain of the Commandant; and as several richly laden vessels had just arrived with provisions for the garrison and the settlers, they determined to wait no longer, but to seize the favorable opportunity of not only destroying their enemies but also of making themselves masters of the inviting booty that awaited them. Accordingly they at once took up arms, and accomplished their design long before the other savage nations had expected it or had come to an understanding for joint action: their preparations had been made with the greatest cunning. Under the pretext of a great hunt, the villains stationed in the fort, in the village, and in the two new settlements as many Natchez as there were Frenchmen; and began to exchange their goods for guns, powder, and bullets. The unsuspecting French, overjoyed at finding their Indian customers extremely liberal, willingly agreed to receive for their fire-arms a great number of chickens and a large quantity of Indian corn. The few that entertained suspicion of these proceedings were mocked at and ridiculed as trembling Quakers, and their salutary warning was rejected. When God intends to punish a nation, he

deprives it of reason, and allows its rulers to be deluded. Strange to say, on this occasion the Tchactas were treated with distrust, while the Natchez with all their warlike preparations continued to enjoy the confidence of the settlers. When therefore the Natchez had dexterously distributed themselves in the French dwellings, they seized the fire-arms and every Indian shot his man so promptly, that in less than two hours two hundred Frenchmen were killed; among the noblest of the victims were: M. de Chepar, the Commandant; M. de Codère, the Commandant of the Jassus; M. des Ursins; M. de Kolly with his son; Messieurs de Longrays, des Noyers, Bailly, and others.

At the same time when the Natchez were enacting this fearful drama, Father du Poisson was returning from the funeral of his companion, Brother Crucy, who had met with a sudden death by sunstroke. The next object of his journey was to consult with M. Perrier, as to how the Arkansas might be brought to settle further down the Mississippi, for the greater security of those that navigated up and down the stream. The Father arrived among the Natchez two days before the massacre. On the 27 of Nov. the first Sunday of Advent, he said Mass and preached in the parish Church, in place of the missionary, whom affairs of importance kept away from his station. Contrary to his plan to return to the Arkansas in the afternoon, Father du Poisson was detained among the Natchez, in order to administer to some of their sick the consolations of religion. The hour for commencing the butchery was fast approaching. On his return from one of the sick persons to whom he had taken the viaticum after Mass on Monday, Nov. 28, the zealous apostle was attacked by a ringleader of the Natchez, thrown to the ground, and in a few seconds a woodaxe had severed his head from the body. Whilst falling, the Father repeated the words: "O my God, O my God!" M. de Codère had indeed drawn his sword to save the victim; but he too was instantly laid low by the well

aimed ball from the rifle of a Natchez, of whose presence he had not been aware.

All were butchered, except a sailor and a carpenter from whose trades the savages intended to draw profit, and the negro slaves that submitted of their own accord. The savages cut open all the women that were with child; and unwilling to listen to the cries of the children that were still suckled, they strangled almost all the wretched mothers with their babes. The remaining women were spared; still they were not at liberty, but were reduced for two or three months to the most abject slavery. Those that could render service as seamstresses enjoyed a better fate; while the others experienced the full misery of their condition by being obliged to fell large forest-trees, to haul fuel to the village, and to grind Indian corn. One thing that especially embittered the lot of these unfortunate women was the fact, that they were forced to serve the very murderers of their husbands, and that they understood from the boasting Natchez how the remaining French settlers had been dealt with in the same manner, and how all the Indian territories were cleared of the hated intruders.

Whilst the carnage was raging, the Natchez chief was seated on a slight eminence, under the cover of a roof of tobacco leaves. At his feet were placed the heads of the Commandant and the most distinguished among the French victims, while the bodies were left exposed on the roads to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. As soon as the Indians had completed their bloody work, they sacked the dwellings of the slain, the warehouse of the West India-Company, and the richly freighted vessels which had lately arrived. The warriors then proceeded to divide the spoils, though the powder, for greater security, was deposited in one of the houses.

The great quantity of whiskey which they discovered among the spoils proved the fruitful occasion of savage revels, which they continued day after day, heaping male-

dictions on the memory of the murdered French, and wreaking their delirious vengeance on their mangled remains. Nothing could surpass the insolence of the Natchez, leagued as they were in close union and friendliness with the neighboring tribes; but their overweening hardihood almost proved fatal. One of the captive females, widow of M. de Noyers, had conceived the bold idea of avenging the death of her husband and his companions. The state of utter intoxication in which the greater number of the Natchez were nightly buried, was favorable to the execution of the plot; but one of the negro slaves, eager to conciliate the favor of his new masters, betrayed the confidence which Madame de Noyers had reposed in him, and by his treachery surrendered her to the blind fury of the savages.

Of the French that escaped the great massacre, one, unable to endure any longer the pangs of hunger and the inclemencies of the season, ventured to leave his asylum in the depths of the forest, and to seek food and shelter in one of the deserted dwellings. On approaching the house, he found it occupied by Indians; preferring however to die at their hands rather than meet a slow but certain death in his retreat, he boldly threw himself among them. To his utter astonishment, he was received with the greatest kindness, had all his wants liberally supplied, and was provided with a large canoe to enable him to regain his friends at New Orleans. These tender-hearted men were Jassus on their return home from an embassy to the tribes of Uma. The chief of the savages sent word to M. de Perrier, the Commandant of the garrison at New Orleans, assuring him of the loyalty of his tribe, and promising to put the French vessels on their guard against the lurking Natchez.

The sequel will show with what distrust and caution we are obliged to receive the assurances of this treacherous people, even when their fair promises are accompanied by acts of liberality and seeming kindness. While the inhabitants of New Orleans were loud in extolling the sincere

attachment of the Jassus, and were far from foreboding the cruel disenchantment that awaited them, a great change had taken place: the presents of the Natchez had withdrawn the Jassus from their allegiance to the French, and had persuaded them to join the Indian league for continuing the war of extermination against the unwelcome strangers. To strike a more decisive blow, it was determined to murder, on the same day, all the French in the territories of the Jassus and the Corroys. The missionary, Father Souel, was the first to fall a victim to the hatred of the Indians.

On the 11th of December, 1729, Father Souel, ever solicitous to conciliate the favor of the influential in behalf of religion, had paid a complimentary visit to the chief of the village, in order to render more lasting the friendship between the Aborigines and the French missionaries. While the harmless old man, as he proceeded homeward, was revolving in his mind the flourishing congregations which zeal and perseverance might plant in these parts, he met, in the martyr's crown, the just reward of his past labors and of the generous plans which he had formed for the future. A number of Indians with loaded muskets awaited him: as he approached his humble dwelling, three bullets stretched him lifeless on the ground. His death was the signal for pillaging the mission house; nothing escaped the lynx eyes of the greedy robbers; and as a negro, the servant of the murdered missionary, showed signs of resistance, he too was instantly cut down. When their fury had subsided, they were horror-stricken at the foul deed which they had perpetrated. But their momentary repentance yielded to their thirst for blood; with this horrible draught they would deaden the reproach of conscience. "Since the most venerable of the French has fallen," said they, "no one deserves mercy; courage, no one shall escape."

Meanwhile M. des Roches, the temporary Commandant of the French soldiers among the Jassus, was ignorant of the tragic events that had been transpiring in the territories

of the Natchez and even in his immediate neighborhood. When therefore on the following day a large number of Jassus were seen approaching the fort, the garrison, confident that the Indian braves had come to smoke the pipe of peace with their lord, received them with civility. But their confidence was short-lived; the soldiers, seventeen in number, were butchered on the spot; the women and children were reduced to slavery.

Elated with their easy triumph, the Jassus sent messengers to inform the Natchez of the extermination of the French. Learning from Father Doutreleau himself of the danger he had been exposed to in this bloody persecution, we ourselves at New Orleans no longer doubted the truth of the direful news that poured in upon us from all sides. I will take this opportunity to give Father Doutreleau's adventures more in detail.

At the time when the savages of his district retired to their winter quarters in the forests, the venerable apostle intended to pay a visit to his brethren at New Orleans, and at the same time to attend to some important affairs relating to his mission. He left his village early in the morning on the first of January, 1730, and expected to arrive in time at the church of Father Souel to say Mass; seeing however that he was mistaken in his calculations, he resolved to stop near the mouth of the Jassu river, and to celebrate in the hut of a poor husbandman who had hastened to offer food and shelter to the beloved missionary and his companions. Whilst the Father was erecting the portable altar of which he made frequent use on his missionary excursions, the Frenchmen that formed his escort amused themselves with shooting at a flock of wild geese that was passing the house, but neglected to reload the few rifles that were to serve for their defence in case of necessity: they soon found occasion to regret their indiscretion. The altar was ready, Father Doutreleau was performing some devotions before commencing the august sacrifice. At that moment a number

of savages approached the shore ; this caused the travellers some uneasiness. But their fears were soon dispelled, when the Indians presented them with provisions for the journey, and declared themselves to be of the tribe of the Jassus whose faithful adherence to the French could not be doubted. The better to carry out their base design, the savages, although heathens, placed themselves behind the unsuspecting travellers, as if in respect for the sublime services of religion which were about to take place.

At the *Kyrie Eleison*, the signal for the attack was given : Fr. Doutreleau had his right arm pierced by a bullet, one of his fellow travellers lay stretched lifeless on the ground ; the others tried to save themselves by flight. Deeming fruitless all attempts to escape and thus to prolong a life of such importance to his neophytes, the Father recommended his soul to his Maker, and knelt down to receive, as he thought, the martyr's crown. But he was destined for greater labors : the bullets of the murderers missed their aim ; and the missionary, recognizing in this the visible interposition of Providence, succeeded in making his escape from the hands of the blood-thirsty savages. Thanks to his dexterity in swimming, he reached a boat in which two Frenchmen had saved themselves. They had heard the report of the rifles, and could not conceive how their beloved Father had remained unharmed by the mortal weapons. The Indians, however, had not been inactive : in a moment their largest canoe was manned, and then ensued a spirited pursuit which kept the wretched fugitives in imminent danger. Yet, in spite of the unceasing firing of the Indians, the missionary and his friends were enabled to screen themselves from the deadly missiles. They were fast floating down the Jassu river, and were within a short distance of the Mississippi, when at length worn out with fatigue and paralyzed with terror at the scene they had just witnessed, the Frenchmen deemed further efforts useless, and resolved to surrender to the pursuing enemy. But Father Doutre-

leau's activity and presence of mind inspired them with new courage; he himself took hold of the helm; his companions plied the oars; and in half an hour of unremitting labor they had lost sight of their terrible pursuers.

As soon as the fugitives saw themselves secure from the Jassus, they dressed their wounds as well as the scanty means at their disposal would permit. But all danger was not yet past: New Orleans was many miles off, their boat offered them little shelter, and the immense river itself did not favor their journey at that time of the year. To lighten their little vessel, they determined to throw overboard whatever was not needed for satisfying their most pressing wants; and then, recommending themselves to the protection of God, they cheerfully toiled on towards the territories of the Natchez where Father du Poisson would receive them with open arms. Their sanguine hopes were doomed to meet with a sad disappointment. On approaching the shores so friendly to them on former occasions, there was no one to welcome them: the French village lay desolate, and a single glance informed them of the fearful disaster that had befallen their friends; instead of the warm reception which they had anticipated from Father du Poisson, his murderers saluted them with a volley of missiles. They now were convinced that a great conspiracy against the French was on foot, and that they must treat with distrust all the Indian tribes along the shores of the Mississippi. Their minds were made up: only at New Orleans perfect security was to be hoped for; should that place also be in the power of the savages, they were resolved to follow the river to the gulf of Mexico where they would be received on board a French man-of-war.

Avoiding therefore the hostile shores of the Natchez, they continued their journey, their breasts filled with grief. While passing the country of the Tonicas, they carefully kept along the opposite shore in order to avoid new vexations; notwithstanding their precautions however they were

discovered, and a canoe, which had been sent to reconnoitre, rapidly approached: the desperate condition of the fugitives lent them almost superhuman strength; they did not relax their gigantic efforts, until they distinguished among their supposed pursuers the language that recalled to their memories the sweets of home, and emboldened them once more to hope for protection and relief. Their expectations were realized: upon landing they were joyfully received by the French garrison, had their wounds dressed by the surgeon of the camp, and the brotherly love shown them made them forget for a while their late sufferings. On the following day they continued their journey in a comfortable boat, and reached New Orleans in safety.

Your Reverence can easily judge with what surprise I saw Father Doutreleau in so pitiful a plight: but my astonishment exceeded all bounds as I listened to the recital of his adventures. I gave him immediately in charge of Br. Parisel, whose assiduous care was crowned with prompt success. Scarcely had the good Father sufficiently recovered from his wounds, when, according to a previous promise he had made to the officers of the little army, he acted as field chaplain in an expedition against the Natchez, bore all the fatigues of the common soldiers cheerfully, and gave new proofs of his indomitable courage, his indefatigable zeal, and a prudence which was never at a loss in the occasionally intricate manœuvres of an Indian campaign.

But neither the occupations which were needful to quench his thirst after labors and sufferings, nor the company of his brethren in religion could make him forget his mission: the season of spring had begun, the Indians were returning from their winter quarters and expected the missionary; he could not brook the thought of depriving his young congregation of their only support. Owing to the risks attending journeys on the Mississippi during the rebellion of the savages, the Commandant had forbidden his subjects to travel to the neighboring settlements except in

considerable bodies; thus Father Doutreleau was constrained to await the departure of a large convoy to the Illinois. Amply provided with all the necessaries for his fatiguing voyage, he set out for his mission on the 16th of April. I since learned that he and all his companions safely reached their destination.

OSAGE MISSION.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,
DECEMBER 1st, 1874.

DEAR FATHER:

When this Neosho County was opened for settlement one of our neighbors at the instigation of bad advisers claimed 160 acres of land belonging to this Institution. Our Superior, Father John Schoenmakers immediately protested against the intruder, in consequence of which this man got very much excited against us, and brought the case to law, compelling our Superior to appear before the courts. The trial lasted for a good while, and the opposing lawyers seemed to take delight in using the most offensive language against our Superior. Spite of all proposals for compromise, the man would not agree. But finding out at last that we had a better title to the land than he expected, he gave up the suit and the whole matter was settled between us peaceably.

Two years after the occurrence of these events this man left Neosho and moved to Howard County, taking up his residence in the vicinity of a town called Peru, some 75 miles South-west of this Mission. Having been in very

poor health for nearly a year, last Summer he became quite helpless, and perceiving that he was fast approaching the end of his days, he sent a message requesting me to come and assist him. I was by his bedside as soon as my engagements permitted, and happily I was in time! The poor man publicly apologized for the scandal given by his unreasonable prosecution of our Superior, received the last Sacraments with great devotion, and two days after died most piously.

He lived in a district exclusively Protestant, but made up of good and simple farmers who took care of him with great love and attention during the whole of his very long sickness. They were puzzled however to know why this man was so anxious to see me. When I heard that the poor man was very sick, I would have come to him directly, but my different appointments prevented me from doing so. In consequence of this, the sick man began to fear that perhaps I would not come at all: he began to be very uneasy, and now and then would ask his friends whether they had heard any thing about me, and would frequently repeat "Oh, could I but see the Priest for a few moments, how happy would I die!" These words made a great impression on his attendants, and I became in their estimation an object of great curiosity. So when at last I came they watched me very closely. Having found out that I was going to pass the night at the house of a certain gentleman whose wife is a Catholic, they sent word round to their friends requesting them all to come and see me that very evening. The invitation was accepted, and just about one hour after sunset quite a number of people came to the place where I was, and wished me to give them a lecture.

In truth they took me by surprise, but as I could not get any better opportunity of giving them some light on our holy Religion, I concluded that I would try to satisfy them to the best of my power. The house being a large one, accomodation was soon made for seating all those who

could get in, the balance remained out doors sitting on the ground by the light of a most brilliant July moon. I addressed them for an hour, and was really edified at their good behavior and attention. May the Lord grant that the good seed cast into their hearts that night may be productive of abundant fruit.

During these last six months we have noticed in our Congregation not only a larger attendance than usual, but what is more consoling, an increase of fervor and devotion. It seems that the trials and afflictions with which God visited our people contributed to this happy change. The majority of the settlers here being new-comers in these western countries, their pecuniary means are necessarily scanty, and all their dependence is on the work of their hands, and the productions of the soil. Now as very few public improvements were going on this year, so mechanics had nothing to do. As to the productions of the soil, we had indeed a most flattering prospect at the opening of Spring, but all at once our expectation proved to be but an illusion! First of all came the chinch bug, next followed legions of flies and creeping things of every description: finally came the locusts without number; and, just as if all this had been nothing, whatever had been spared by these devouring insects was parched by the driest season we have seen here during the 27 years that this Mission has been established. These indeed have been discouraging circumstances for our poor settlers, yet spite of them they always came before as cheerful and satisfied, and whenever we asked them how they were getting along in the midst of so many trials, we generally heard them repeating "the Lord be blessed, and his will be done for ever."

In the afternoon of one of the warmest days of August, I was coming by the house of some of our friends, and being fatigued and tired I stepped in to cool and rest for a little while. The landlady received me kindly, and calling in her children requested me to bless them, and after-

wards pointing out the larger of them, a little girl ten years old, she said: "Father, this child of mine the other day caused me to blush." "How is that?" said I. "I will tell you," she replied; and having sent her children to the next room to play, she continued: "I was returning from town about this time, when getting near to the premises I saw a man walking out of my house. I asked the children who that man was, and my little daughter replied, that he was a stranger to whom she had given dinner. I felt displeased on hearing this, and said to her, why did you take into the house a person whom you did not know? 'Well, mother,' she answered, 'I let him in because he said he was hungry.' Then I replied, my daughter, you well know that we are short of provisions, and you ought rather have sent that man to some other place." Here the good lady looked at me very intently, saying; "Do you know what my little daughter answered me?" "What?" said I. "She answered; 'Mother, on the day of judgment, Christ, our Lord, will say to me: I was hungry and you gave Me to eat.'"

Since last July I visited the Indian Territory four times, and as usual was well treated by the Osages, who always ask me the same question: "When will good Fr. Schoenmakers come and stay with us? Since we left him we have seen but hard times!" In the month of August I found the Osages very much excited. They were mourning over four of their braves, who had just been treacherously killed by a party of white men calling themselves State militia. The Indian who related the news to me said: "Father, God was looking at the boys when they were killed;" signifying by this, that they had behaved themselves right, and gave no provocation to the white men, consequently God was pleased with them and looked upon them with pleasure. The Chiefs used all their influence to keep their warriors from going to revenge their murdered brethren, and the U. S. Agent having promised that the Government would give them satisfaction, they did not retaliate on the white people as they were determined to do.

Whether the Osages will ever get the promised satisfaction is a matter of doubt; for those white men who killed the four Indians were consummate villains; and having stained their hands in innocent blood, they wrote down an account of their barbarous deed, and sent it to some newspapers of Topeka to be published under the very eyes of the Governor of this State. In this account they say, that they had a great battle with the Osages, and how they defeated them at last. Such stories as these have been the border gossip long since, and every year are more or less repeated. There has been no fighting of any kind between the Osages and the U. S. troops, but all the war news that came in the newspapers was manufactured on the border line of this State by some parties who, by this means, succeeded in getting authorized to raise a company of militia, made up of desperados, who went around for a while plundering the poor settlers and charging the blame of it on the Osages.

This year I visited nearly all the different settlements formed by the Osages in their beautiful new Reservation which rests on the many tributaries of the river Cana, or Cany as it is sometimes called. I gave them an opportunity of complying with their Christian duties, and thanks be to God, I had the pleasure of seeing the majority of them approach the Sacraments. I baptized a number of their children, blessed some few marriages, and prepared some for death. These visits of mine to the Osages could not be very long, as I was allowed to stop with them only a few days, but this is all we can do for them at present. These western countries are daily filling up with poor Catholic immigrants, and we are almost the only priests to whom they can apply in their spiritual needs.

I cannot finish this letter without mentioning the conversion to our holy faith of one of my benefactors. About a year ago I got acquainted with a Canadian Catholic living quite near to the City of Independence, in Montgomery

County, where I said Mass once every month. As the Church of this town has no residence for the Pastor, I could not get any more convenient place for stopping than this gentleman's house. Having, therefore, called on him for hospitality, he told me that I was welcome, and he wished me to make his house my home whenever I would pass by. Next he introduced me to his wife. She received me very kindly, and told me that I should never pass by without calling in, but, said she, "do not entertain the idea of making me a Roman Catholic, for I do believe that a Protestant is as good as a Catholic." So time went on, and almost every month I visited them. Some time during last Summer the good lady got quite sick. I came to her, and found out that she was not only sick, but also very much troubled in mind, so that she appeared to be melancholy and disheartened. I did not know what to do to relieve her, when a good thought struck me, and I said to her; "Madam, I have with me a wonderful book, and if you would follow my advice and direction in reading it, you would certainly feel better, and perhaps recover sooner than you expect." To this she replied, "O for God's sake give me that book for I feel very bad." I gave her a copy of the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas a Kempis, and told her, that whenever she felt troubled in mind she should first say sincerely "O Lord, have mercy on me," and next open the book at random, and she would most surely find the advice she needed. The sick woman laughed on hearing this, and looking at me quite inquisitively she said, "What, is this book a fortune teller?" "No," said I, "but something better yet; believe me and try it." She did as I told her, and she found to her great satisfaction that I had told her the truth.

Two months afterwards she requested me to baptize her. I felt very happy to hear this; however, I thought better to delay complying with her wishes for one month, that she might be better prepared. She is now baptized, and the melancholy and troubles by which she was afflicted have

disappeared, she is quite happy and contented. May the Lord grant her perseverance in her good resolutions.

Yours in Christ.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.



DEATH OF MR. P. McDERMOTT, S. J.



Twelve years ago a young man of twenty was graduated from St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. Bright hopes and cheerful prospects for the future were held out to him, for he was of a cheerful, even a gay disposition, frank, generous, warm-hearted and true. He was loved by his companions who even yet remember him for his genial ways, his winning manners, his unaffected cordiality. He was quick and active in mind no less than body, and could hold his own in the field of debate as well as athletic sports, in the class room no less than in circles where wit and social qualities were called for. This was Mr. McDermott twelve years ago.

But he chose to forsake brighter prospects than had allured many an other, sacrificing to God what he possessed and what he had every reason to hope for, by entering the Society, 17th Oct., 1862, at Florissant, Mo.

In leaving the world he needed but to turn into another channel the qualities which endeared him to his friends and direct them to a holier purpose and a nobler end. Ambition was to become a holy desire to excel in virtue and draw souls to God; activity was to be supernaturalized in being made subservient to the interests of God; his

spirited nature was henceforth to be occupied in doing and preparing to do great things for God; his cheerfulness was to keep alive in himself and others that buoyant, sprightly, attractive virtue which makes a good life so charming and draws instead of repelling those who are to be benefited by the ministry of the priest or the good offices of the religious. His dispositions and his tastes were modified, not transformed or crushed by the religious training; his good qualities were only chastened and their lurking imperfections worn away. Not an iota less genial or more forbidding after so many years of religious life, those who knew him when with a light heart and a warm grasp of the hand he bade them good bye to enter the militia of Christ, recognized him still in the Jesuit Scholastic of twelve years' standing.

His novitiate lasted the customary two years, after which he repeated his Poetry and Rhetoric during two years more. Then came a year of teaching at St. Louis University and subsequently the study of Philosophy for three years in the same institution. Now he was ready to labor for the glory of God, and he was not the man to shrink from it. The remaining four years of regency were passed in St. Louis University, and St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, as Professor of Poetry and afterwards of Rhetoric, in which capacity, as everywhere else, he won the love and esteem of all. The young men under his care learned to see in him what had attracted the admiring notice of his religious brethren, and to prize the interest he took in their welfare and the uniform kindness, offspring of true charity, that he always exhibited. He rebuked them if need were, but they saw that he did so because it was his duty, for the moment after he would address his scholar as kindly as if he never had reason to be displeased.

Finally, after twelve years—a period interminably long to those who do not understand the scope of the Society, or those who refuse to acknowledge the value of the pro-

longed studies not less than the unequivocal proofs of virtue which she exacts from her children—he was sent to the Scholasticate at Woodstock, Md., to begin his course of Theology. But a few months after his arrival the disease which carried him off and the seeds of which had been sown during his years of teaching, displayed itself by degrees until it seized upon him with such vigor that even his strong constitution could not elude its grasp. Early in December he caught a cold, but as he was never given to being overcareful of himself, he paid little attention to it, never thinking of applying a remedy for such a trifle. Yet his summons had come, and towards the middle of the month it became evident to all that Mr. McDermott was suffering from a disease more dangerous than had been imagined. Pneumonia confined him to his room, but with his usual cheerfulness he thought that he would be well in a couple of days and able to resume his studies. He continued to grow worse, but apprehended no danger. At last his Superior informed him that his case was so extremely critical that he could not prudently delay longer to make his confession and put his affairs in order, while he enjoyed the full use of his faculties.

And here, properly speaking, begin the most admirable traits of his character and conduct. His life had been the ordinary life of the Jesuit, his virtues were such as a religious sees practised around him every day, but his death showed that there was beneath his ordinary actions a current of thought and pure intentions that had borne him calmly along and fully prepared him for the terrors of death. If it be true that sickness does not change a man but shows what he is, that the virtues practised then are but a reflex of his life, that then the true sentiments and dispositions are revealed in all their native lustre, then his was a life rich in many a virtue and strong with the strength which many an act of self-sacrifice had given.

The virtues of the religious life are not the work of a

day; still they are not, thank God, so new to us that a departed brother must needs seem blooming with the loveliness of sanctity, because his last moments yield pleasing fragrance, or that his brief obituary notice should teem with the scent of "the wood that grows precious in burning." Yet, since they can only be accurately judged by those who have consecrated themselves to God, and since they are the principal ones that can adorn the death of a religious, it will not be amiss to mention a few, that by their silent eloquence they may warm the breast and invigorate the souls of others whose duty it is still to reduce them to daily practice. His obedience was so exact that it required but the mention of that word or the Superior's order to calm him even in the moments of delirium consequent on his sickness. His cheerfulness never forsook him, even to the last moments of his life; and when he received news that the physicians called to consult on his case had given up hope, in ten minutes he had resigned himself fully to the will of God and regained his wonted composure. There was a dear friend of his who knew him well, and had lived with him almost constantly since they both entered the Society, who asked him a short time before his death whether he was afraid or sorry to die. Quickly came the cheerful answer: "Not at all." His only regret was, that his parents, now nearing their seventieth year, would not have the inestimable consolation of being rewarded for their sacrifice by seeing him a priest and receiving his priestly blessing before closing their eyes in death. But their hopes were not to be realized; they had made a holocaust of their son, God was pleased to take their offering at its full and, hard though it was, to receive his death as the crowning jewel of their sacrifice and thus, we trust, make their aged but generous hearts ripe for a more lasting reward.

His religious brethren were unremitting in their attentions; they prayed for his life and were loath to abandon hope

even when physicians despaired. They practised untold kindness in their care of him, but he deserved it; and if they needed ought to spur them on, the example of his silent, uncomplaining goodness and the sight of the virtue he exhibited on his death-bed were sufficient to animate them to do still more. They loved him, as did every one who came in contact with him. But neither their assiduous care nor fervent prayers availed, for God had judged otherwise. We cannot help thinking that so many Masses and prayers offered for his recovery were but to be turned into another channel and the offerings made so cheerfully, instead of winning back a life already ebbing, were but instrumental in making a death already certain, peaceful and happy.

The sweet thought which ever gave consolation to the dying man was, that he had heard the word of the Lord and kept it; that he had entered the Society of Jesus and shared the precious boon of dying in its bosom. Those who were with him in his dying moments say that they were amply repaid for all that they had done for him whilst sick, in being permitted to witness such a death, and asked no further grace from God than to die as he died. On the last day but one of the year '74, at half-past three in the morning, Mr. McDermott calmly breathed his last—a peaceful and happy death.

MISSIONS AT ARLINGTON AND LEXINGTON;
RETREAT AT BOSTON COLLEGE, MASS., 1875.

(Letter from Fr. Strong.)

We arrived at Arlington, Mass., on the 12th of February, two days previous to the first Sunday in Lent, the time appointed for the opening of the Mission. Arlington, as you are aware, one of the suburban towns surrounding Boston, is situated about seven miles from that city. It is a small town, composed of private residences occupied by persons doing business in Boston.

The congregation consists of a small number of respectable trades people, the great majority are of the working classes, farm hands and domestics. It is entirely Irish. To meet the wants of the congregation, Arlington has two priests, Rev. Jos. M. Finotti, and his assistant, Rev. John Galvin, who began his primary studies at Boston College, completed them at the College of Holy Cross, Worcester, and was lately ordained priest at the Theological Seminary at Troy. The church is a Gothic structure, capable of seating eight hundred people. It contains also a basement chapel about the same size as the upper church.

Our hopes of success were by no means promising. The congregation had but a year previous enjoyed the benefits of a Mission conducted by the Paulist Fathers. Hence the field had already been gleaned and the present Mission proved no novelty.

Instead of thousands, as we had been led to suppose his congregation consisted, we found it estimated at eight hundred adults.

Then, the weather was unpropitious; the cold was intense; ice six inches thick covered the ground, and the

earth was frozen to the depth of five feet. The oldest inhabitants pronounced this spell of weather to be the coldest experienced in New England for the last thirty years. Before the opening of the Mission, to increase the drawbacks, snow fell to the depth of three feet, rendering it almost impossible for many who lived at a distance of three or four miles to approach the church. It was, therefore, with no sanguine hope of success that we began our labors ; but the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Whom we confided the Mission, blessed our humble endeavors far beyond our expectations.

On the first Sunday of Lent the Mission commenced. It was impossible to have a *Missa Cantata*, so a low Mass was said. After the Gospel, the pastor announced to his congregation that a retreat would now begin. He said he committed to our hands the care of his congregation over which we should have all jurisdiction excepting parochial. As a sign of his resignation he presented to each of us a stole, and then exhorted his parishioners to take advantage of the present retreat to advance in virtue. Rev. Fr. Mc Atee then preached the first sermon of the retreat. At night, notwithstanding the drifting snow, the attendance was sufficient to fill the church.

The Exercises of the Mission consisted of two Masses with meditations, at five o'clock in the morning ; one in the lower chapel for young men and women, the other in the church for the married portion of the congregation. Another Mass with instruction at half past eight o'clock. This Mass was numerously attended, the number increasing, until near the close of the Mission, over five hundred persons were always present. At half past four in the afternoon an instruction was given to the children and young people in the lower chapel. We found about five hundred boys and girls, fifty of whom had made their first communion. At the same hour in the church, instructions were given on different days to fathers, mothers, young men and

women, upon the duties of their respective states. At half past seven in the evening, beads, sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Night services were always well attended. The audience was composed entirely of Catholics. A broad line of distinction between Catholics and Protestants existing in this section of the country, prevented the latter from attending the exercises. So clearly is this line defined that the terms Yankee and Protestant, Catholic and Irish, are considered as synonyms. The children considered it a sin to associate with Yankee children. Whilst explaining the Creed to the children, I asked the meaning of the words Catholic Church. Several hands were instantly raised to signify their readiness to answer. One said, it meant the "true church;" another "the Church where the Pope was;" a third said "it was that Church out of which, if one died, he went to hell." Finding their answers not entirely satisfactory, the hands were lowered. But a bright little chap exclaimed, "please, Mr. I think I know." "Well, my child, what does it mean?" "The Catholic Church means the Irish Church, not the Yankee." The smiling approval of the older ones who were present seemed to say that the little fellow had solved the difficulty.

It is not too much to say that the Mission was a successful one, and the more so because there was in the manner in which it was conducted a total absence of any striving after excitement or sensational effect. The solid spirituality and practical common sense of St. Ignatius were discernible throughout. The number of confessions heard, not counting duplicates, was one thousand and sixty. Among these, many were general confessions. Some approached the tribunal of penance who had been absent for many years. The Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel was given to four hundred and thirty-six. Two Sodalties were formed in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: that of the unmarried women numbered one hundred and sixty, and the other for unmarried men counted seventy-two.

On the last night of the Mission the church was crowded; the members to be received into the Sodalties marched in procession from the lower chapel into the church where seats for their accommodation had been placed in front of the Sanctuary and in the aisles. After the intoning of the *Veni Sancte*, a short address was delivered; then followed the recitation of the Act of Consecration and the presenting to each member the badge of the association. Great fervor was manifested by the recipients, and many among the congregation were moved to tears. Rev. Fr. Mc Atee delivered a discourse upon the necessity of perseverance. Then our Mission of two weeks at Arlington, closed with the Papal Benediction followed by that of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

There were but few in the congregation who did not take advantage of the Mission to approach the Sacraments.

We must return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for having blessed our labors and rendering the Mission a success, notwithstanding the many difficulties encountered.

We started the next morning, March 1st, for the town of Lexington, which is situated about twelve miles from Boston and is noted for being the place where the first hostilities began between the British and Americans in 1775. The congregation was supposed to consist of four hundred souls. The Paulists in their mission in 1874, had five hundred communions. This congregation is attended from Arlington. The Catholics formerly possessed a neat little chapel with a pastoral residence. This property was sold about a year since and a site purchased for a new church. They use for service for the present time a very old frame building, formerly a hotel which has been adapted for church purposes. This new purchase involved them in a debt of eight thousand dollars, which they think it is impossible for them to liquidate and at the same time to erect a new church.

Notwithstanding the snow which was over three feet in

depth, the exercises were numerously attended. We heard seven hundred and sixteen confessions, not counting duplicates, which number embraced as we are told every Catholic within the parish, with the exception of two. Some of the confessions dated back as far as thirty years. The scapular was given to four hundred and thirty-two. The Temperance Society was in a languishing state. Rev. Fr. McAtee endeavored to restore it to its primitive fervor, preached on temperance and had the consolation of seeing all the old members who had left the association return, and thirty new ones admitted. Dressed in their regalia they went to Holy Communion in a body, and on the last night of the retreat, they publicly renewed their pledge. The people became much attached to us, and on our leaving at the end of the week, they gathered round the sleigh, shedding tears and wishing us God speed.

On the next morning, March 8th, we began the retreat at Boston College. We found one hundred and fifty-seven students ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-four years. Youths deserving of all praise—attached to the institution,—animated with the desire of study, devoted to their professors, and especially to the President of the institution. We delivered three discourses every day and though they followed closely on one another, yet the students were always attentive. This was the more remarkable as during the time of instruction they were not under the vigilance of a prefect. They all approached the Holy Table on the last morning of the retreat.

MISSION AT GEORGETOWN, D. C., 1875.

The Reverend pastor of Trinity church, thinking that he could not do better at the beginning of his labors for the congregation entrusted to his care a month or two ago, than to give his people the blessings of a Mission, applied to Fr. Provincial for the purpose and obtained the appointment of Fr. Emig and Fr. Coppens.

The Mission was intended not only for the conversion of such as might need it, but also as a convenient opportunity for all to gain the Indulgence of the Jubilee. The exercises were opened on the fourth Sunday in Lent and concluded on Palm Sunday.

"Throughout the fifteen days," writes Fr. Emig, "the church was filled all day. In few places have I seen better attendance. Even at times when there was neither Mass nor instruction, hundreds of persons could be seen making their visits for gaining the Jubilee. In a word, there was a constant procession from early dawn till 10 P. M. We had four Masses daily, and at each from two hundred to three hundred persons assisted; but the Mass at nine o'clock, counted daily about six hundred. During the evening exercises the church was crowded from the first day even to the last. We had two thousand and three hundred confessions and over one thousand and five hundred Communions—a result equal to that of the Mission given in the same church two years ago. I may add that fifty were reconciled to the Church after an estrangement of from two to sixty years."

THREE LITTLE MISSIONS.

(From a Letter of Fr. Emig.)

FREDERICK, April 24th, 1875.

The three little Missions given during April, happily closed on Wednesday morning. The fruit of the first and second was in a special manner very great. Commencing at Gloucester, N. J., though the Exercises passed under the name of the Forty Hours' Devotion, we had to continue them for nearly five days, as a constant throng surrounded the confessionals and were anxious to approach the Holy Sacraments. Hence, of eleven hundred communicants, we had over nine hundred, and had not other engagements prevented me, the entire congregation would have presented itself before the close of the week.

My second battle field was in Berks Co., Pa., ten miles northeast from Churchville. There through the efforts of Fr. Schleuter, a shanty was built in the shape of a church on Mt. Sion, for some two hundred Irishmen. who dig a tunnel through the same hill. At least one hundred and sixty of them needed a Mission. All came to a man. The affair was a clean sweep. It does not often fall to the lot of a mortal to see so much zeal and genuine happiness under so many filthy rags. God be praised for His mercies!

The third Mission was to a mixture of Irish and Germans, a thing always disagreeable and scarcely ever successful, as both elements keep a jealous eye on the "Holy Commissioner." The Irish were all on hand; and only five or six of the Teutonic party were absent.

On my return home, I find plenty of work cut out for me and my new companion, which will keep us busy till the middle of June.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

(Letter of Fr. P. G. Guidi to Fr. A. Romano, S. J.)

COLVILLE, W. T., JANUARY 22nd, 1875.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

Your kind little letter came to hand two weeks ago. Think of the pleasure of getting news about so many friends of whom I had long had no chance to hear any thing at all ! Deo gratias !

In return, to show my gratitude, I will tell you how we celebrated here the last Christmas holidays.

Before the middle of December, a good number of Indians had already gathered around our Church, coming from a distance of ten, twenty, or even eighty miles ; and, as a remote preparation for the solemnity, from the 12th to the 20th of the month, the chiefs were busy with those who did not behave as they should. A complete success answered their care : some who for many years had been wild and independent, submitted to the rule, and not a few went spontaneously to the chiefs to ask a penance as an atonement for the past. Three days before Christmas eve, for the first time we inaugurated the Forty Hours Devotion. An order issued by the chiefs forbade all kinds of amusements and put aside unnecessary transactions. All were then totally occupied with the practice of that devotion, and truly it was edifying to see bands of Indians going in turn to the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament with the greatest modesty and recollection. During those days the priests were engaged in hearing confessions.

When happy Christmas day came, at the first signal for midnight Mass, our Indians lit a big fire on the top of the hill opposite to the church; at the second, they fired a salute, and all the people entered the church singing a beautiful and very appropriate song. High Mass began, the Indians forming the choir. I preached a short English sermon for many whites who were present, and we had four hundred and fifty communions. At the pressing request of our good people, an Indian went around, after the *Credo*, taking a collection for the church, and he got from the Indians twenty-eight dollars, which in the following days were increased to seventy dollars—indeed a considerable sum for this poor flock.

In order to keep them a longer time near the church, and thereby to give them some more religious instructions, we promised them another beautiful feast for New Year's day, but we said nothing of the manner in which we would celebrate it.

Well nigh all waited for it, and we had again on that day a general communion at Mass. In the afternoon they were ordered to meet in the church, whence they should move in a procession to the Sisters' house, situated at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Shortly before the appointed time, a violent snow storm fell upon our place; but we did not lose courage, and in spite of the raging tempest, the procession began to be formed in the church. On the very point of starting, lo! the fury of the elements gave way, and the wind subsided so much as to allow burning tapers to be carried in the open air the whole time of the ceremony. We went on reciting the Rosary, and when we reached the Sisters' residence, a large frame with a devout image of our Blessed Lady was uncovered to the multitude. This unexpected and consoling sight made all fall on their knees, and shed tears of joy. Then a salute was fired, a song chanted in honor of the Queen of Heaven, and the procession went back to the church, where the image being exposed

to the public veneration, Fr. Josi addressed the people in a touching sermon. It was a matter of consolation for us to look at those Indians, who by the expression of their countenance, were telling, without mistake, the true sentiments of their happy hearts.

Experience teaches that the devotion towards the Blessed Virgin takes well and strikes deep roots among these savages, whom it keeps straight to follow in the right path.

Yours in Xt.

P. G. GUIDI, S. J.

THE JUBILEE OF THE SACRED HEART.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In compliance with your Reverence's request, I will briefly sketch what I heard or witnessed of the consoling celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart this year, and of the solemn consecration of the Church to the same Divine Heart, recommended to all the Faithful by our Holy Father, Pius IX. It was to be expected that more than usual solemnity would be thrown around the feast of the Sacred Heart this year, which is the second centennial of the devotion, and there was a universal anticipation that the prayers and petitions of Bishops and people addressed to the Holy See to obtain the consecration of the whole Church to the Sacred Heart would at least be heard with favor, and that this year would crown the devotion with this final triumph.

At the approach of the feast, a circular was sent to all the missions and houses of the Province, inviting all to unite in a most fervent and solemn observance of the coming festival and prescribing certain exercises to be performed in public and in private during the novena or triduum and on the great day itself. The faithful committed to our care in our various parishes and missions, responded to the invitation in a manner which astonished their pastors.

I witnessed at Conewago and at Goshenhoppen a fervor and a devotion which showed how deeply the hearts of those people were stirred and how fully they had entered into the spirit of the celebration. It was a busy season with them; their fields called for all the time and care which were possible, and the church was for most of them no small distance. Yet twice every day the church, though very spacious, was well attended, not only by the devout female sex, but by men, young and old, from forest and field. In the morning they assisted at solemn Mass: in the evening they came again to prayers, sermon and Benediction. You can easily conclude from this what a number of Communions there must have been on this blessed day of the Sacred Heart.

I was at Goshenhoppen on the feast—a quiet, out-of-the-way little mission in Pennsylvania—made up of a patriarchal race of innocent, simple people. You would have thought it was Christmas or Easter, at the sight of the crowd in the church, around the Holy Table and at the Masses.

Letters from Whitemarsh and St. Thomas, in Maryland, speak of the same fervor, the same eagerness to share in the graces of the feast. The pastors of the former place could not explain to themselves the wonderful spirit manifested by their people. The entire region seemed to be stirred to its centre. The services in the church were the same as at Conewago, and in all these places the Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day on the feast. Whilst the

pastors were delighted at the piety of the many visitors who came to spend an hour or more in adoration, one of them in his ingenuous humility declared that he had never known till then what this devotion was. But now he knows it: he has seen it at work.

At St. Thomas, many of the people eagerly secured pictures of the Sacred Heart of which the pastor had made a provision. They had heard of the promise made by our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary: that He would bless those houses in which the picture of His Heart would be exposed and honored.

I have no details in regard to the celebration of this glorious festival in many of our churches but let the celebration at our church in Baltimore serve as a specimen; for I have reason to believe that most of others did not remain far behind it. My information is derived from one of the pastors, who might have added to his description of the grand solemnities: *Quarum pars magna fui.*

The immediate preparation for the feast consisted of a triduum preached by the Rev. Alfred Curtis, of the Cathedral. The Altar was magnificently adorned, a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, lately imported from Munich, was the prominent feature on the main altar. It was surrounded by an arch of gas jets designed by Fr. Jones of New York, and giving in letters of light the words: *Fili præbe cor tuum mihi.* The church was densely crowded every evening, every available space being occupied. Fr. Curtis proved himself a finished speaker, but that is saying nothing. He was the orator of the Sacred Heart, and the hearts of all that heard him were spell-bound—won irresistibly to the Heart of our Lord. His subjects were: 1st, The Devotion to the Sacred Heart as a particular devotion based upon Theology and Love; 2nd, The Devotion as a necessary offshoot of the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation; 3d, The object of devotion considered as Reparation, proved from Nature, Reason and Faith. My correspondent

writes : "Fr. C. took us all by storm. His manner is un-studied, a perfect outpouring of ideas. He forgets himself in his subject. Earnestness is natural to him," etc.

On the Sunday within the octave, according to the prescription of the circular, there was a Solemn High Mass. The sermon was on the Sacred Heart considered as the Heart of the Good Shepherd ; and though my informant is too modest to say another word about it, yet I am sure that he did ample justice to a subject which is perhaps the richest, tenderest, noblest in the whole range of Catholic oratory. In the evening of the same day, at the Solemn Benediction, one of our Fathers from Washington preached another sermon on the Sacred Heart, which is called a complete treatise on the subject, and gave the grounds, end, aim and fruits of the devotion. An immense congregation was assembled, and one could feel that their hearts were moved with intense devotion. It was during this ceremony that the solemn consecration of our Province to the Sacred Heart was renewed in all our churches. But I have no doubt that Baltimore stood high in favor with the Sacred Heart on that day and that the congregation of St. Ignatius church, as well as the inmates of Loyola College, will receive precious treasures in return for the deep and true fervor manifested during those happy days.

But I must say the same of the churches in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Frederick, etc. And now one might suppose that after such a celebration of the novena, triduum and feast, the devotion of the people required a respite for a season. But just after the circular had been sent which stirred all the above manifestations, came the glad news that the Holy Father had at last granted the petitions addressed to him and had appointed the 16th of June as the day of the consecration of the Church to the Sacred Heart. Deo gratias ! so this year was to be in very deed the Jubilee year, the year of triumph for the Sacred Heart ; and the very day of the second centenary of the sweet revelation to

the B. Margaret Mary, was to put the last seal to her work. Here was news to stir up devotion once more to a tenfold intensity, and yet we seemed to have done all that could be done only the week previous to this new solemnity. But the piety of the faithful was equal to the task—their devotion had only been brightened and strengthened by the previous exercise—and when they were told that they would be able to join their voices to that of Pius IX., their solemn consecration to his, and that they would use his words, with his sanction, and with the gift of a plenary Indulgence for using them to bind themselves forever to the Sacred Heart; when they saw him, the father and leader of God's people standing like the Patriarch of old, at the gate in the side of this last ark of salvation offered to our race, and heard him exhort them to enter into it and be secure against the deluge of God's anger, is it a wonder that they rushed in with eager haste? is it a wonder that all that had been done during the novena and on the feasts was outdone on the 16th?

The dear Messenger of the Sacred Heart deserves the credit of making this good news known to us and of furnishing us with the text of the prescribed formula, many thousands of which were immediately printed and spread over the country. I happened to be in Philadelphia for that occasion, and though in the absence of the Bishop no official notice had been given to the diocese, yet the day, though not a feast day, could be compared only to some of the greatest festivals of the year. The confessionals were besieged all the day previous till late into the night and again on the morning of the 16th. Many were disappointed and could not perform their devotions. But the number of communions was altogether marvellous. This is true of both our churches in Philadelphia and of the other parish churches of the city.

At Baltimore our church was again the scene of extraordinary fervor. The sermon was a history of the devotion

to the Sacred Heart, comprising the life of B. Margaret Mary and the connection of the Society with the devotion, a subject both interesting in itself and one which had not been touched by the previous orators, so that the crowded audience listened with almost breathless attention. The act of consecration was recited during the Benediction. In some of the churches it was read at all the Masses as well as at Benediction.

What more is to be done to honor the Sacred Heart of our Lord after this, it is not easy to say. Its triumph seems now complete. But the ever active spirit of devotion will yet invent new ways—and the increased fervor of thousands of hearts will only serve to suggest other means of honoring it. God grant that we of the Society may be true to our trust, and prove ourselves the earnest, zealous, laborious apostles of the S. Heart which has been pleased to place its interests in our hands. Happy we who have lived to see the day for which our fathers sighed and prayed for two hundred years! but happier if we imitate their zeal, emulate their ardor, both in practising the devotion ourselves, and in spreading over the whole world by word and writing and example that holy fire which the Sacred Heart desires to enkindle in all hearts.

I remain in the Sacred Hearts of J. and M.,

Your Reverence's servant in Xt.,

P. M.

THE 16th OF JUNE IN CHICAGO.

(From a letter of Rev. Fr. Ferd. Coosemans, S. J. to Fr. Sestini, S. J.)

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE, JUNE 17th, 1875.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Yesterday was a grand solemn day in Chicago. In our church alone over four thousand and four hundred communions were distributed. The novena preparatory to the solemnity had been followed with extraordinary fervor. Nearly one thousand and four hundred acts of consecration have been distributed. After the High Mass, we had yesterday a procession within the church, and then exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the whole day. At night grand service and eloquent sermon on the Sacred Heart by Fr. Lawlor to a jammed congregation. After the sermon, Fr. Damen read the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which had also been read after each Mass in the morning, and finally benediction was given with the Blessed Sacrament. When the service was over, one hundred and seventy-five new members gave in their names for the Apostleship of Prayer.—*Soli Deo honor et gloria.*

WHITEMARSH, MD.

*(Extracts from a Letter of Fr. Wiget, S. J., to Very Rev.
Fr. Provincial.)*

WHITEMARSH, June 17th, 1875.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

We had here our Corpus Christi procession—it was simple and quiet, but I and others thought very lovely and full of devotion—then the nine days devotion to the Sacred Heart. On the feast itself, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed from early morning until late in the evening. Yesterday we had High Mass with the Blessed Sacrament exposed and Benediction in the evening, when the Act of Consecration was read. In all these exercises an unusual fervor was shown:—this wonderful devotion to the most amiable and loving Heart of our Divine Saviour seems to give life and blessing to all.

We have quite a string of petitions every month to send to Woodstock, and many singular graces received, and, oh, many others to be received! and I am sure we will get them all, if A. M. D. G.

The whole mission is aroused in an extraordinary manner; and, no doubt, this Jubilee year will, with God's grace, bring many into the Church. You know we had already thirty-six converts confirmed lately, and they were not all. I am asked for chapels in three new places.

DESTRUCTION OF OUR COLLEGE AT BUENOS AYRES, FEBRUARY 28, 1875.

SANTA FÉ DE PARANÁ, March 14, 1875.

You are probably aware by this time of what has happened at Buenos Ayres, and as you must also be anxious to hear a trustworthy report of the affair, I shall endeavor to give you a detailed account of the whole occurrence, as I was in the midst of the trouble, and an eye-witness of almost everything that took place.

The Most Rev. Archbishop had formed the intention of confiding to our charge the church of San Ignacio, which belonged to the Society in former times. In furtherance of this design, he communicated with the National Government, which readily granted the desired permission. But it was also necessary to obtain the sanction of the Provincial Authorities, and while this was being carried out, some private parties busied themselves in obtaining signatures to a counter-petition, so that the Government of the Province might give a negative answer to the Archbishop's request. The press of Buenos Ayres began to discuss the question and declaimed in unmeasured and shameful terms against the Prelate and the Jesuits. A meeting was called for the 21st of February, but it was forbidden by the authorities, because the country was still in a state of siege; this condition of affairs was to end by the 25th, and so the meeting was deferred until the 28th. On that day, the last of our short vacations, we were quietly preparing to receive our pupils on the morrow, and to begin the ordinary routine of duties.

Meanwhile, a caucus was being held at the *Varieties*

Theatre, at which the *University*, *Clement XIV.*, *Carbonari*, and other clubs were represented. The Italians from La Boca had thronged together in such numbers as to fill two whole squares of the street, or a space three hundred yards long by fourteen wide. They carried the portrait of Bibadavia (the founder of masonry in Buenos Ayres), and the Italian flag. Castro Boedo, an apostate priest of the city, who claims to be bishop of the *Argentine Universal Church*, Romero Gomez, an apostate Spanish canon, and others of the same character made such inflammatory harangues to the crowd, that at length the shout was raised, "To the Archbishop's palace!" Thither they betook themselves with the Argentine, Spanish, Italian and other flags; and entering the house without any opposition, they smashed everything in their way. Luckily, the Archbishop chanced to be just then with Fathers Del Val and Dalman at San José de Flores, a village about four leagues distant from Buenos Ayres. From the Archbishop's, the savages went to the convents of St. Francis and St. Dominic, where they were satisfied with breaking the window panes with showers of stones. After that, they moved on to the church of San Ignacio, which had been the apple of discord, or, to speak more properly, the pretext for stirring up the riot. They got inside of the enclosure, but finding the church doors closed, they did no further damage than to destroy some tables and benches which were in the yard. Whilst they were standing here some one cried out, "To the College del Salvador!" and quick as lightning, their numbers swelled by new recruits from the streets through which they passed, they came to the Calle del Callao on which the main entrance of the College faces. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon.

We were quietly in our rooms, but on hearing the disorderly yells of the mob, we went to the porch of the fourth division's dormitory, to find out why the crowd had halted. Thereupon, one of those madmen, with the Ar-

gentine flag in his hand, scaled the college wall which is about five yards high. Many others quickly followed him, and all of them with stones, crowbars and axes, set to work breaking down the door of the public chapel. Father Rector was inside the chapel, having gone thither to ask for light and grace from our dear Lord; fearing that the door was about to give away, he rose up and went to the visitors' room, where we were surrounding the Vice-Consul of Brazil, who accompanied by his wife, had come a few moments before, to enter his son at the college. Little by little, the rabble had penetrated into the passages, class-rooms, study-halls, dormitories and other departments of the building. Those who had forced their way into the chapel, after profaning the sanctuary and stealing the sacred vessels, broke everything to pieces; then they tore down an iron door, which gave them free ingress to the Fathers' rooms, where they held high carnival, wrecking each and every one of our chambers. When Fr. Rector saw this, he made a vow to St. Joseph, and promised to consecrate the college to him. But the attack was waxing hotter, and we could not remain much longer in our state of indecision. Just then Fr. Albi suggested that we should make for the garden, and we all hurried there through the infirmary and the kitchen. On seeing us come out of the visitors' room, the crowd wanted to pursue us, but the Brazilian Vice-Consul stood on the stairways, and during the few moments that he took to make himself known, we had time to get away. In the corridors, staircases, infirmary and kitchen, we came across several of the plunderers, but as they were among the first who had broken into the house, they were more intent on spoil than on doing us personal harm. We reached the garden, and Fathers Rector and Albi tried to get through the gate, but the key was nowhere to be found. Some of us climbed the wall:—Fathers Jordan, Soler, Estanislao, Walter and myself, along with the Brothers, Martirell, Balaguer and Bodé. Whilst on the top of the

wall, before jumping down into the street, all of us instinctively scanned the countenances of those who from the thoroughfare or the balconies of the neighboring houses were witnessing what was taking place. Such was the fright and uncertainty prevailing for the time being, that no one spoke to us, nobody offered the protection of his house. But at last, an Englishman, a Protestant too, as we afterwards found out, taking pity on our condition, offered us timely shelter. We accepted his offer, and whilst he was shutting and strongly barring the door, his wife hid us in a cellar, covering the entrance with a piece of matting. Some parties threatened an attack upon the house, but the Englishman showed such pluck and determination, that the rabble thought it safer to turn its whole attention to the destruction of the college. After a quarter of an hour, we heard the cellar door opening; a pious lady had come to remove us from this dungeon, and inform us that we were now out of danger. Here I interrupt the narration of what happened to us, in order to return to Fr. Rector.

As he, in company with FF. Martovell and Albi, was still searching for the key of the garden gate, the plunderers were making repeated assaults upon it from the outside, and at length it was flung wide open. The Fathers finding themselves suddenly brought face to face with the multitude, asked them what they wanted, and why they were thus destroying the property of the College. Several of those who were in advance of the mob, and who entered first, among whom were two soldiers, cried out: "Order! Halt! they have surrendered!" Then making the Fathers prisoners, they brought them to an inner court-yard, from which they could witness the pillage of their own rooms. Suddenly, some one in the crowd exclaimed:—"Fellow-citizens, a citizen has been assassinated!" At this announcement, other cries quickly follow: "Out with your revolvers!" "Death to the murderers!" etc. etc. Fr. Albi protested, saying that if in the whole house any other arms

were found except those in possession of the crowd, then they might kill him on the spot. One of the soldiers took him by the arm, and together they passed through the rabble to see the murdered man. In fact, at the door of the Cabinet of Physics, a blood-stained corpse was lying, and close by they came across the murderer still brandishing his dagger. In bursting through the door of the cabinet, the first one who caught sight of the instruments and machines shouted out that the *treasure* was found, and thereupon the one who came behind him gave him several stabs.

When they had Fr. Albi along side the corpse, they began to beat him with sticks, and in this manner they led him to the door where they had made a great fire with chairs, benches, tables, pictures, etc. They tried to fling the Father on the burning pile, but he clung so tightly to those who were dragging him, that they were obliged to give up the attempt.

Meantime, some of our friends making their way through the crowd got the Father under their protection, took him to an apothecary shop close by, and guarded the place while his wounds were being dressed. Father Rector in company with Fr. Martorell had remained in the garden, waiting the return of Fr. Albi; but taking advantage of the confusion produced by the announcement that a citizen had been killed, they both tried to escape. Fr. Rector succeeded in doing so, but not without receiving a cut on the forehead while crossing the street. Two men took hold of Fr. Martorell, and were dragging him towards the fire, when some one in the crowd struck him on the head with a hatchet. The Father raised his hand to the wound, when a second stroke split his hand and felled him senseless to the ground. It would now have been very easy to do with Fr. Martorell that which they had been unable to accomplish in the case of Fr. Albi, but our friends were gathering around now fully aroused, knocked down those who were dragging the Father along, and carried him to a neighboring house.

The raging multitude followed them, and threatened to set the place on fire; but they replied that they would sweep the street with a volley of shot, if it should be necessary, in order to defend the house.

The garden gate had been abandoned by the mob after the capture of FF. Rector, Albi and Martosell; and so several Fathers and Brothers escaped through it, without encountering anyone to insult or injure them.

FF. Vilardell, Cabeza and Torres had betaken themselves to the porch, as soon as the house was invaded; Fr. Torres thinking that he could get out by the new church, had climbed over the roof and through several windows, until he reached the cornice of the first story; but the church was already overrun by the mob, and as soon as they caught sight of the Father, they began to pelt him with stones and bricks, and even to shoot at him, so that he was compelled to make his way back again to the porch. There he found Fr. Cabeza stretched on the ground, streaming with blood, and Fr. Velardell who had been pounded with cudgels. The ruffians who had inflicted the brutal treatment, fell upon Fr. Torres with their fists and sticks, and kicked him down stairs. Providentially, he reached the foot of the stairs without any serious injury, although they discharged two pistol shots at him so close as to singe his clothing. Then they began to haul him towards the fire; but on reaching the street, some one saved him from their hands, and took him to the apothecary shop, where Fr. Albi's wounds were being dressed. Fr. Cabeza, who had received two terrible wounds, was carried to the house of Doña Carmen Guerra. Fr. Vilardell was saved by a good Biscayan, named Erausquin, who also rescued Br. Binimelis, wounded by a hatchet in the arm. Br. Antonio Piñon, an old man of seventy years, was found in an angle of the great marble stairway, kneeling down and crying bitterly. Erausquin saved him also. Fr. Mazarrasa, who was grievously sick, had shut himself up in his room at the first symptoms of disturbance,

and had bolted the door inside ; but seeing that they were bent upon bursting through the door, he got up to open it. At the sight of this corpse, for the appearance of the good Father was deathlike, the assailants were frightened, and withdrew without entering the room. A few minutes afterwards some persons set him in a chair, and placed him in safety, without anyone venturing to do him harm.

In this way, all of us who were in the college managed to get away ; and certainly, it was a special dispensation of Providence, in the midst of such confusion, and taking into account the fury of the populace, that no one of the Fathers or Brothers was killed.

Whilst some were pursuing and maltreating the inmates of the house, others had busied themselves in destroying whatever they came across. They broke down the doors of the rooms and study halls, pried into our private papers, and searched the desks of our pupils ; and, finally, set fire to the college on every side. All this happened at three o'clock in the afternoon, on Sunday, and in sight of the whole city of Buenos Ayres.

Chalices, crucifixes, soutanes, church ornaments of every kind were grossly outraged. Some dressed themselves in soutanes, others put on chasubles and albs, and all made sport and mockery of religion.

Doctor Palacios succeeded in saving the bodies of the martyrs which were in the chapel. A pious lady picked up from the ground several Hosts which had been scattered from the ciborium, and brought them to Fr. Walter ; and all this at the imminent risk of her life.

About four o'clock, General Vedia, who had just arrived from El Chaco, came upon the scene. He tried to disperse the mob by himself, but they turned upon him, and he barely escaped with his life. At about half after five, the flames seized on the whole college, and the floors began tumbling down one upon another, with such a crashing as to make us who saw it from the neighboring dwellings,

tremble with grief. At six, the whole building was one immense furnace, and in the midst of the flame and smoke, nothing could be distinguished, except the cross surmounting the cupola, and we were all awaiting with anxious fears for the moment when it would topple over.

At last, when there was no longer any use for them, a squad of soldiers marched up. They fired upon the rioters, and blocked up all the approaches to the college. We then began to receive the attentions and visits of our friends, above all of the ladies, who hurried from house to house where we were, and gave us the news about our companions. But as these accounts were yet incomplete, we were filled with the greatest apprehension as to the fate of some whose whereabouts we were ignorant of, and whom we naturally supposed to have been burned or murdered.

At seven in the evening, a chief of police came to the house where FF. Jordan, Soler and I were staying, and he said that we must go with him to another house. Father Jordan, suspecting some treachery, replied that we were well enough off and perfectly safe in our present quarters; but the inspector answered that it could not be helped; we must concentrate ourselves in some one house, because the force at his disposal was small, and if we obliged him to divide it, he could not answer for our lives. We were obliged then to leave that house, and go between files of soldiers and armed men, to another, where some fifteen of Ours were gathered together. Great was the consolation with which we saw and embraced those whom we had already given up for dead; but our joy was mingled with sorrow, on seeing some with their hands and arms wounded, others with their heads all gashed, and almost every one of them bruised with clubs. There were several gentlemen present, resolved to defend them at all hazards. Soon afterwards, Dr. Ayerza arrived, and he declared that it would be absolutely necessary for us to be divided around among different houses, if we did not wish to perish to a man

where we were. We assured him that we had no apprehensions, and that there was a troop in the street for our protection. "What troop?" said he. "Suppose that they have all gone away, leaving only a few policemen." Such was really the case, and on seeing this state of affairs, each of the gentlemen present took as many as he could of Ours. Dr. Castillo brought FF. Torres and Francoli to his residence. Fr. Torrens was sent to the house of Doña Carmen Guerra, to assist P. Caluza in case of need, as he was staying there in a very low condition from his injuries. With a brother of the same Dr. Castillo went Fr. Serrat and two Brothers. Señor Fresco, Dr. Ayerza, Dr. Zabala and Señor Allende, took charge of two or three each. Thus we were again parted at about nine o'clock P. M., and in order that the distribution might be made with more convenience and less danger, carriages were brought to conduct us by unfrequented streets, to our several places of refuge. Passing close by the college in the rear, we saw the servants' quarters burning. The enclosure was completely ruined, as well as the galleries of the first and second divisions. The cupola alone remained apparently untouched, but the glare of light through the windows showed that the fire within was still alive. Of the whole building there remained only a wing of the portion which faces on the Calle del Callao, and the refectory of the students; and this latter portion was set on fire the following night by some unknown hand. Thus perished one of the finest structures in South America.

Fr. Rector, who was in the house of Dr. Palacios, received that same night, information of our abiding places, and when all things were compared, it was found out that Fr. Walter and Br. Schorro were missing. One of the police officers said that he believed some persons were in the scaffolding of the cupola; he had called to them, but they did not want to come down. Then Dr. Palacios himself climbed up the cupola with a lantern about midnight, and closely examined every spot; but he found nobody there.

The consequence was easily drawn; they had perished. This was strengthened by the statement of an idle vagrant, who testified that he had seen some one with a habit on, dead in the middle of the flames. All these signs showed that Br. Schorro was the victim; but, thanks be to God, Fr. Walter made his appearance on Monday and the Brother on Tuesday.

You have here a circumstantial narration of what happened on the 28th of February. You have doubtless observed that I mention even trivial details, and sometimes repeat the same things, but the desire which I know you have of learning accurately the whole course of events, has forced me to descend to all these particulars. Besides, if the narrative is carelessly written, you can easily excuse that, knowing that my head is not in its normal state, and that the desire of quieting your apprehensions in our regard, has been my sole motive for taking pen in hand.

But, to continue. On the next day, March 1st, everybody deplored the occurrence. The newspapers were loud in condemnation of it. Shame on them! they had enkindled the flame, and were the prime cause of the whole trouble.

Those of Ours who were at the Seminary received timely warning of what was taking place at the college, and all of them, five Fathers and four Brothers, were enabled to take refuge in private houses.

Who could have conjectured a few hours before the catastrophe, that in place of receiving the scholars in our college on the first of March, we should be forced to seek an asylum in their homes. This day was one of continual going to and fro on the part of the pupils and their families; they all came to visit us; they busied themselves in giving news about us one to another; every family wished us to make its house our home, and none of those whose hospitality we were sharing, was willing to let us go.

Fr. Rector settled that Fr. Soler and myself, together

with Brother Martorell, dressed as seculars, should set out for Santa Fé, on Tuesday, March 2nd, by the steamer *Lujan*, in order to inform R. P. Superior of all that had happened. Fr. Rector had given us a letter and some money to pay for our passage and the necessary outfit, but Señor Allende, at whose house we were staying, made us return the money to Fr. Rector, and at his own expense defrayed our passage and supplied each of us with a full suit of clothing. Thanks to his charity, nothing was wanting to us. The kind hearted Allende spent in all some five hundred *pesos*. May God reward him for his generosity. I relate these little circumstances that you may aid us in recommending to God these good people, who deserve so much in our regard.

All that evening, until eleven o'clock, we were constantly engaged in receiving the visits of our pupils and their relatives, who came to bid us good-bye. All felt our departure very keenly, because, said they, if we once went away it would be difficult for us to return again and open a college at Buenos Ayres. Truth to tell, it gave us much pain to think what would become of so many young persons abandoned in the midst of this corrupt society. But God so ordained it, and we had to submit to His will.

Very early next day we went to take leave of Fr. Rector, whom we found much improved as far as the wound of his forehead was concerned, although he was still troubled with pains in the shoulders from the clubbing he had received. At half past nine, we proceeded to the river Tigre, to take the steamboat. On arriving at the station, in spite of our disguise, and although we gave each other no signs of recognition, some one whispered; "there goes a specimen of monkery." On board the steamer they demanded our passports, because, said they, on account of the troubles of the past few days, the whole Province of Buenos Ayres had been declared under martial law, and we could not travel without a passport. It was, therefore, necessary to

return to the city for this document. The passport being obtained, we were at last admitted to the cars; but we had not completed half the distance, when we came across a freight train which had been thrown off the track, and then we had to wait until another train from the opposite direction should pass us; but, when this other train arrived, the conductor declared that he could not move on, as the boiler was out of order; and so we were once more obliged to return to Buenos Ayres by the same train on which we had started. Everything seemed to be conspiring against us.

On the following day, we got off for good; some passengers who recognized us were seriously debating about throwing us into the river; but the captain threatened to do the same to them, and he took the further precaution that we should dine with himself in his private cabin. Then some other passengers, finding out who we were, took our part, and paid the greatest attention to us; and so all our fears vanished. At Paraná, some boys who were coming to the college of Santa Fé, got aboard the Steamer, and so soon as they recognized me, they came up to offer their salutations. Fr. Superior and Br. Calvoó received us at the wharf, which they had scarcely ever left during the last two days, waiting for an arrival, in order to hear the first news from Buenos Ayres.

Their delight on embracing us was indescribable, for they had already commenced the suffrages for us, and now they saw us alive and well. What a consolation it was for us and for the whole of this Community! At nightfall, on the very Sunday of the catastrophe, the Governor of Santa Fé was apprised of the doings at the capital. It was rumored about here that we had all been murdered or devoured by the flames. The telegraphic despatches, as fast as they were received, were transmitted to the Superior. The College and the whole town were filled with consternation. The Fathers, as you may well believe, did not sleep a wink that whole night, and our house seemed to be

a public resort for all classes of people, who were coming and going all night long; at last, the Governor, fearing some disturbance, surrounded the building with a company of soldiers. To cap the misery, the telegraph ceased to work after a few hours, and nothing more could be learned. But the following day, more consoling accounts came from various parties in Buenos Ayres, and finally, by our arrival, on Wednesday, they found out that we were all safe. Several Fathers and Brothers came by the next boat.

FF. Dalman and Jordan are in the colony of Jesus-Maria, a district of El Rosario, at the residence of Mr. Cullen. This gentleman, the owner of the steamboat *Primer Argentino* which runs between Santa Fé and El Tigre, was no sooner informed of the state of affairs, than he started for Buenos Ayres, with the intention of taking us all on board of his boat; but seeing that he could be of more service in the city, he remained there, and gave a free passage to all of Ours. He was the first to set on foot a subscription to rebuild the college. It seems that forty or, as some say, fifty thousand *pesos* have already been subscribed. Rev. Fr. Superior is now at Buenos Ayres to see what is best to be done.

The day after the riot, Fr. Rector of Buenos Ayres received more than a thousand calls from the chief citizens of the place. The President of the Republic sent his aide-camp, and the Vice-President came in person to visit him. It seems that the Government, both National and Provincial, is firmly resolved to see justice done in this matter. The Province has been placed under martial law, very many arrests have been made, and a searching enquiry is to be set on foot. Dr. Navarro Viola, President of the Senate, has presented a bill, asking that body to take upon itself the charge of punishing the guilty parties. Besides this, as during several days after the disaster, it was impossible for a priest to pass through the streets without being insulted, the Government has issued very strict

orders, especially against the police, who neglect to arrest those who commit any outrage of this kind.

This is enough for the present. After some time I may write again. I do not know whither I shall be sent; the others are in the same uncertainty as regards their destination. *Deus providebit.* Yours in Jesus and Mary,

MIGUEL CODOMIN, S. J.

D. O. M.



D. O. M.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
New York and Canada Mission,	3
The Natchez Indians in 1730,	21, 150
St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia,	30, 100
Pottowattomy Indians,	42
John Baxter, S. J.,	57
Osage Mission,	64, 160
Letter from Cincinnati,	72
New Mexico,	75
Early Missions in St. Charles Co., Mo.,	79
Expulsion of the Jesuits from Louisiana in 1763,	88
Brother John De Bruyn,	110
Voyage of Very Rev. Fr. Grassi from Russia to America.	115
Unpublished Letters of Fr. Anthony Kohlmann,	137
Death of Mr. P. McDermott, S. J.,	166
Missions in Massachusetts—Retreat at Boston College,	171
Mission at Georgetown, D. C.,	176
Three Little Missions,	177
Washington Territory,	178
The Jubilee of the Sacred Heart,	180
The 16th of June in Chicago,	186
Whitemarsh, Md.,	187
Destruction of our College at Buenos Ayres,	188